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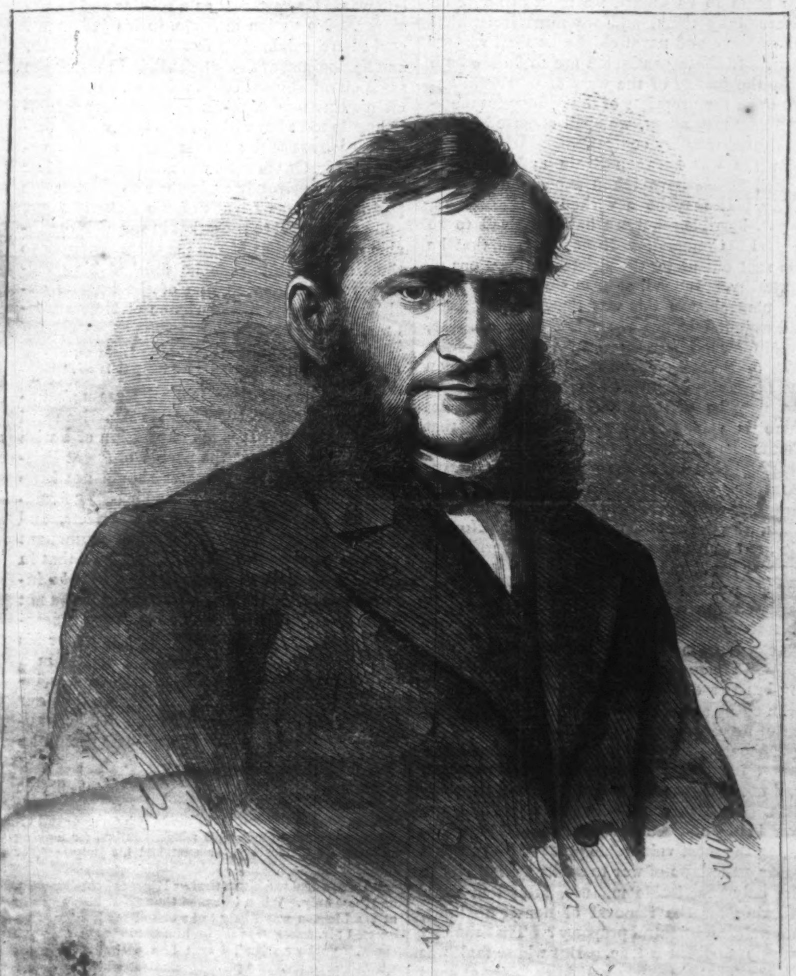
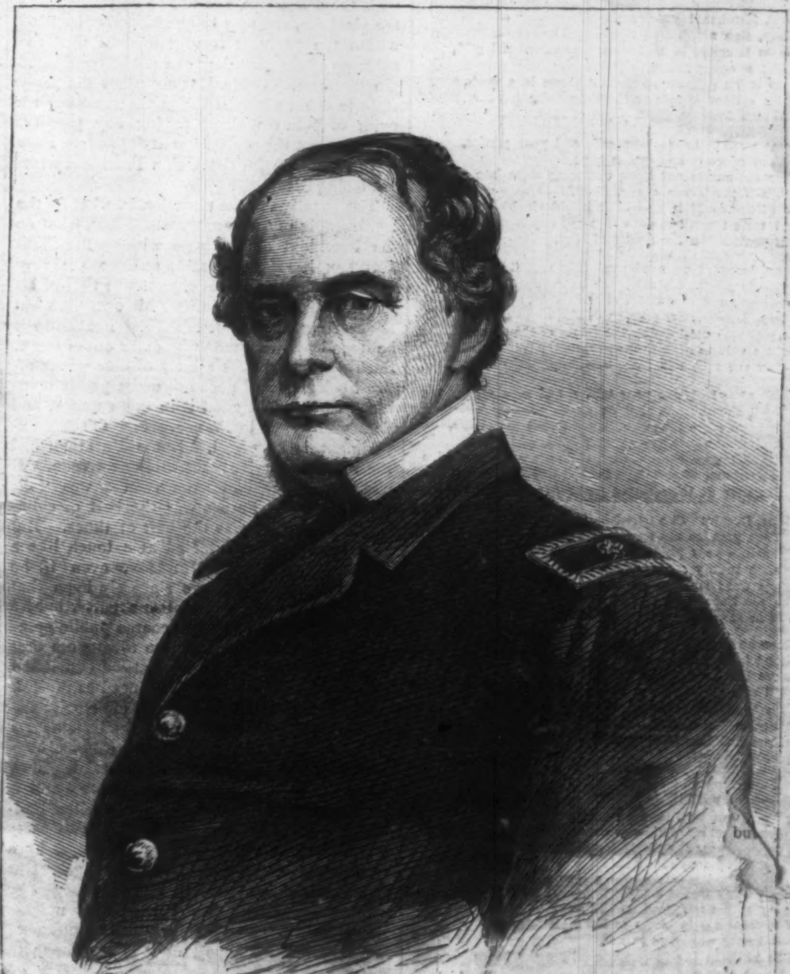


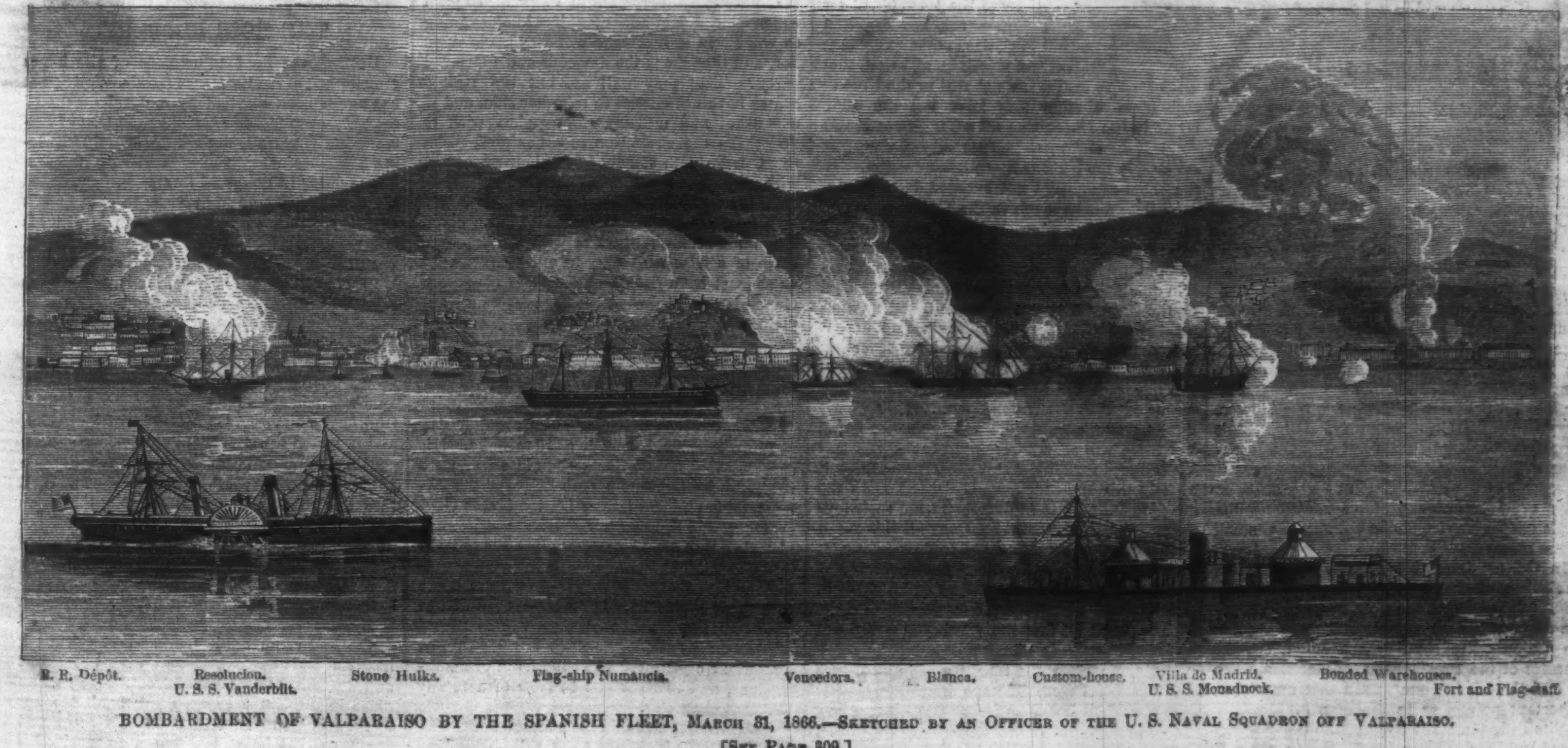
MAJOR-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, U. S. MINISTER TO CHILI

Photographed by George A. Barnard, Savannah, Georgia.—[See Page 309.]



COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS, U.S.N.

Photographed by Brady, New York.—[See Page 309.]


R. R. Dépôt.
Resolucion.
U. S. S. Vanderbilt.
Stone Hulks.
Flag-ship Numancia.
Vencedora.
Blanca.
Custom-house.
Villa de Madrid.
U. S. S. Monadnock.
Bonded Warehouses.
Fort and Flag-staff.

BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO BY THE SPANISH FLEET, March 31, 1866.—Sketched by an Officer of the U. S. Naval Squadron off Valparaiso.

[See Page 309.]

"The Three Little Spades."

Under the above title will be commenced in the next issue of the *Weekly* a new serial story by Miss Warner, author of "The Wide, Wide World." The idea upon which this story is constructed is a novel one, and it can not fail to interest so many of our readers—and we know there are many such—as are interested in nature as developed in children and flowers. The story is more especially addressed to young people; but the gracefulness and piquancy of the style, the dramatic interest of the narrative, and the pleasant pictures of rural life given in its pages, will make it attractive to all. It is a work unsurpassed by any of this very popular writer's previous efforts in literature. The story will be continued for several weeks, and will form the most delightful summer reading.

MAY'S ADDRESS TO THE GOTHAMITES.

Come away to the country!—away! away!
My carpet is spread on the lea;
The trees are in bloom and the air is perfume,
All nature rejoices in me.
The birds in the bowers are tolling the hours
Since I have arrived with my lap full of flowers
To scatter ere dawn of day.

Come, Merchant! your carriage is waiting—
Nay, sigh not, 'tis no time to grieve;
Health is better to hold than your silver and gold,
And a legacy richer to leave.
Your lady's pale cheek it shall bloom in a week,
Not a balsam so rare as the balm-breathing air
Which floats on the zephyrs of May.

Come away! Leave your balls and your parties,
Your concerts and operas gay;
Hear the brooks roll along charming stone into song—
'Tis Nature's own music, *Roué!*
No Elisler could trip as their bright ripples skip—
And taste them, but dash that red cup from your lip
If you'd relish the nectar of May.

Come, Lawyer! we need you. The weasel
Has foreclosed his mortgage on rabbit;
He founds the base claim of his right to all game—
Cap. 8. On Executors. Grabbit—
Or perhaps you'll define the estate of the vine,
Gain a rule to show cause why its tendrils should climb
O'er the arbors in frolicsome May.

Come away! Leave your toiling and moiling,
And, Shop-keeper, shut up your store;
You have got a fair wife, buy a long lease of life,
And what can a prince wish for more?
If you'll take a short drive from your overgrown hive
You shall note how the bees in their brisk business thrive,
For they do their spring trading in May.

Come, Doctor! I've cured half your patients,
Your practice must speedily fail;
Then into your pill-box, and drive like a hill-fox
With twenty good hounds at his tail.
Leave word for the sick to come out pretty quick,
For you know grim Disease is soon brought to his knees
If he scents but the sweet breath of May.

Come away from your college, pale Student,
And learn moral lessons more true;
Leave Homer and look into Nature's bright book—
I'll open its pages for you.
Your Virgil's a rake, but his works you may take,
It was toying with me that he stole half you see
From the bowers of blossoming May.

Come, Parson! your sermons are mouldy,
Your sheep do fresh pasturage need;
They have lived through the fall upon Sherlock and Hall,
And Scott was, in winter, their feed.
If you'll meet me at night, when the moon's shining bright,
You shall hear the old trees holding forth in the breeze,
[illegible] eloquence study in May.

Come away to the country!—away! away!
My carpet is spread on the lea;
The trees are in bloom and the air is perfume,
All nature rejoices in me.
The birds in the bowers are tolling the hours
Since I have arrived with my lap full of flowers
To scatter ere dawn of day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 19, 1866.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

We should be very sorry to believe that the President intended to remove honest and capable men from office because they did not agree in all points with his view of the true policy of reorganization. It would be so flagrant an illustration of the perils of Executive patronage to which we recently alluded, that it would be the plainest duty of the Senate to interpose every Constitutional impediment. The removal from office of a member of the Union party, who voted for Lincoln and Johnson in 1864, who is of the same political faith now as then, and who has industriously and faithfully done his official duty, because he differs with the President, for instance, upon the conditions which should determine the admission of the late rebel States to Congress, is a blow at every Union man in the country. It is a frank announcement that agreement with the Executive upon theoretical points is the tenure of office. It is the organization of a vast servile army of office-holders, and subordinates the whole official service of the country to the will of one man.

In the partisan view such a course is the paralysis of the party which elected the President. It is turning the guns of official patronage upon the Union camp. It is requiring that the Union party shall accept and adopt the theories of the President as its platform, when he and the whole country see that upon some important points, as in the case of the Civil Rights Bill, the great body of the party differs from his theory. Even Mr. Raymond, the only Union representative from a former free State who voted for the veto, and upon a constitutional ground, says: "The adoption of some such measure as the Civil Rights Bill was unquestionably desired by the great body of the Union party throughout the country." Yet the President was very distinctly opposed to it, in principle as well as in form. Are his views upon that subject, then, to be regarded as the platform of the party, and is agreement with them the test of fidelity?

Mr. Raymond is regarded as one of the chiefs among "the President's friends." He says in the letter to his constituents, from which we have quoted, that he knows the President regards himself as a member of the Union party, and that he has a right to act on his own judgment in all matters of public policy. Unquestionably; but Mr. Raymond also says, that agreement to such measures as the Civil Rights Bill has never made any portion of the Union platform, and that freedom of independent judgment upon it will be undoubtedly exercised. Certainly; but if the measures adopted by the almost unanimous voice of Union representatives in Congress, elected at the same time with the President, are not to be regarded as the platform, and may be questioned or opposed within the party, it is very evident that the opinions of the President can not be considered the platform. If Mr. Raymond has the party right to differ with the Union Congress upon a point of policy without paying any penalty, why may not the postmaster at Jerusalem Four Corners differ with the Union President without losing his office?

The question of the situation is, what do the loyal people of the country wish? not, what do the President or Congress wish? President Johnson has frankly said, and we are very glad to believe, that his object, like that of his predecessor, is not to impose his own view but to ascertain the national desire. That can not be done by putting men who differ out of office. Such a course makes a body of obsequious office-holders, but it does not make public opinion. Mr. Tyler tried it in this country, and Louis Philippe in France. Mr. Tyler's experiment is historical. Louis Philippe had the most subservient Assembly ever seen. It was beautifully harmonious. He was "the best of kings," France was the best of countries. The time was the best of times. But his whole system crumbled at a touch like a mummy. President Johnson, even if he wished to do it—and we sincerely hope that he does not—may demoralize a party, but he can neither reorganize nor coerce public opinion. It is a serious error also to suppose that the public mind will reject a settled conviction because it is vehemently denounced as radical. The cry of "mad dog" is pretty effectually exploded for the present. When the Union party saved the country in war it was called Abolitionist. That was not very dreadful. Now while the same tried and true Union spirit is securing the country in peace it is called Radical. That is still less appalling. The party organization may, indeed, be paralyzed by a certain use of the executive patronage. But experience shows that no President prospers by ruining his party. We believe that nobody knows this better than President Johnson; and therefore we hope that it is a mistake to suppose that he has adopted the policy of which we have spoken.

A STALE SOPHISM.

It is amusing to observe the triumphant air with which certain papers ask the question whether, if the United States fought to prevent some of the States from seceding, and were successful, those States are not still in the Union; and, if so, whether they have not the same rights in the Union that all other States have?

The best answer to this not very profound or conclusive question is a counter-question. If the rebel States did not succeed in seceding, were they not as much in the Union when the attempt failed as they are now; and, if so, by what right were Governors appointed for them without their consent; by what right are certain qualified voters of those States disqualified by the United States Government, and by what right were those States compelled to accept the emancipation amendment before resuming their representation in Congress? If the failure to secede did not affect the relation of the rebel States to the Union, why does the President say to the Texas delegation that he hopes the State will soon be restored to its "normal condition in the Federal Government," but that to this end much would depend upon the people of the State in demonstrating their loyalty to the Government? Does all this mean that Texas, being prevented from seceding, is therefore at once and without further consideration or condition to resume an equal share in the National Government?

The truth is, that the rebel States did not succeed in making themselves independent of the Union; but if the rebellion did not disturb the relation of those States to the Union, all that the President has done is unconstitutional and not binding. If it did disturb that relation, any other condition which the Government may exact for the same purpose of national security is equally constitutional. The denunciation of Congress upon constitutional grounds for requiring the assent of those States to an amendment equalizing representation is equally a denunciation of the President for demanding their assent to the amendment abolishing slavery, or to the repudiation of the rebel debt, or to the revocation of the acts of secession.

The question of further conditions is wholly one of expediency, and not of constitutional right or authority. And can there be any thing inexpedient in requiring that a voter who was lately a rebel shall not have twice as much power in the Government as a voter who has been always loyal?

NEUTRALITY.

If the United States intend to regulate the wars of nations according to American ideas of justice and propriety, or by the judgments of American commanders, that policy should be announced and understood. But while we acknowledge neutral obligations even in wars that seem to us unjust, we must in honor be governed by them, and we must insist that our military and naval chieftains shall respect them. If those gentlemen are to decide both upon the justice of the wars of other nations and upon the propriety of the belligerent measures they may adopt, we shall at once become implicated in every contest.

In the war between Spain and Chili the United States have taken a position of neutrality. It may be a wicked war, causeless, unjust, horrible; but we have resolved to be neutral. Commodore Rodgers says that he was sent out under the strictest injunctions of neutrality. Indeed, so resolute and radical is our neutrality in this war that, at the special and urgent instance of the Secretary of State, a ship owned by American merchants—the *Meteor*—is detained, and security refused, upon the mere suspicion that somehow, somewhere, she may be of some service to Chili. Yet there is evidently very general regret that Commodore Rodgers did not violate his orders and contravene the policy of the Government by giving battle to the Spanish fleet. But if we do not choose that Spain shall attack Chili, why does not Congress say so? No single act of an unjust war can be so horrible as the war itself, and if we may forcibly withstand any act we may forcibly oppose the war. It is a very cheap virtue which assents to the war and protests against any usual measure of war; for we can not see that the bombardment of Valparaiso, announced four days before, and causing but two or three deaths which might have been easily avoided, was a peculiarly barbarous act of warfare.

Of course, a sudden and unadvised bombardment, imperiling women, children, neutrals, and non-combatants, is ferocious and inexcusable. But Spain being at war with Chili, the war being of necessity naval, and Valparaiso being the most vulnerable point of Chili, was it against the laws of war to strike at that city in the only practicable manner, after four days' warning for the removal of non-combatants, neutrals, and neutral property? That the city was not fortified is true. But whose fault was that? That there was no Chilean fleet at hand is also true. But is Spain bound to attack only where an attack may be successfully resisted, or to wait until forts are erected or fleets built? Bombardment is a fair act of war. Valparaiso is the chief Chilean city and the most exposed. Was not the bombardment of Valparaiso a peril which Chili should have considered before going to war? Is it said that war was made upon her, and that she is the innocent and aggrieved party? That may well be, but the United States have not chosen to take her side, and if our naval and military commanders wish to undertake the correction of other powers, let them begin with somebody of their own size; with England, for instance, or Russia, or France. Or if the republics of America choose to form a league of offense and defense, let it be done. But while we are still warm with the denunciation of a false neutrality in our own war, let us at least have the decency not to blame our Generals and Commodores for respecting our plainest neutral obligations.

EARL RUSSELL AND MR. BANCROFT.

Lord Russell has made a sad mistake. His speeches and letters during our late war were perfectly familiar upon both sides of the Atlantic; his phrase that the United States Government was fighting for empire has become historic; that he habitually spoke of us as "the late Union" and "the late United States" was undeniable; and yet when Mr. Bancroft spoke of him as making haste to send word of our agony to the other courts of Europe, Lord Russell asks Mr. Adams to convey to Mr. Bancroft a plain denial of the truth of his assertions, and to refer him to facts of a totally different character.

Lord Russell should have remembered that Mr. Bancroft is trained to consult authorities, and to make no statement without the verification. Upon the occasion in question he was a historian reciting history, and in the preparation of his discourse he followed his constant method of study and composition—saying nothing for which he could not produce the proof. He therefore responds to Lord Russell's letter in a brief, nervous, and trenchant letter which utterly refutes it. The question between them is simply whether the tone of Lord Russell's speeches and dispatches indicated a conviction that the Union was practically dissolved, and the few and brief quotations of Lord Russell's words, which Mr. Bancroft makes, are conclusive of the offensive assumption which Mr. Bancroft asserted in his oration. It is unfortunate that Lord Russell should have raised the question. It was permitted him to doubt our probable success, since there were many of our own countrymen who shared his incredulity. But why appeal against his own words so freshly spoken and so familiarly remembered?

We have heard of other conspicuous Englishmen making the same mistake, although in a less public manner. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, was very doubtful of our success in the late war. He reasoned as a scholar and an observer. No nation hitherto, in his judgment, could have subdued so formidable a rebellion, and he doubted even if Great Britain under the same circumstances could succeed. So he exclaimed in a moment of excitement, not as exactly hostile to us but without any very warm sympathy, "Jefferson Davis has created a nation!" Mr. Gladstone was mistaken; and last summer he privately undertook to explain his position to some friends of the United States, and even sought to show that in some indescribable manner he had been peculiarly friendly to the Union. But when he finished his good-humored explanation one of the hearers exclaimed merrily, in the rhyme of Hosea Biglow,

> "Ef a man kin when pervishuns is riz so,
> Eat his own words, 'tis a marcy it is so!"

Yet, to one passage in Earl Russell's unfortunate letter every honorable American will heartily assent. It is his expression of a wish that in time of peace the people of Great Britain and of the United States should not keep up "sentiments of irritation and hostility founded on a mistaken apprehension of facts, and tending to lay the foundation of permanent alienation, suspicion, and ill-will." To that in itself we shall all say Amen. But if it be intended as a rebuke to Mr. Bancroft it can not be received. That gentleman has been rancorously vituperated by the British papers for his vile ill-manners in denouncing England in a discourse which the English Minister was invited to hear. We expressed at the time our opinion of the perfect propriety of Mr. Bancroft's conduct. But his own view should be given in his own words:

> "In speaking to the American Congress of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln it was my unavoidable duty to refer to the conduct of the British Government toward our country during his administration, for nothing so wounded his feelings, or exercised his judgment, or tried his fortitude.
>
> "I was asked to address the two Houses of our Congress, and those only. When I learned that the British Minister at Washington was likely to be one of my hearers, I requested Mr. Seward to advise him not to be present; and through another friend, I sent him a similar message, which he received and perfectly understood."

We are glad that Lord Russell has furnished Mr. Bancroft this opportunity of explaining a matter which has been curiously misunderstood and vehemently misrepresented.

THE ROSS ROBBERY.

Before the final adjustment of the losses growing out of the Ketchum frauds, Wall Street has again been startled by a development of rascality even more ingenious than that of Edward B. Ketchum, though fortunately involving a smaller amount of money. John Ross, a speculator in gold and in stocks, has robbed the street of $300,000 or more in gold and in currency, and has successfully escaped with his booty.

But little is known of the man's antecedents. He seems to have had few friends or intimate acquaintances. He had been an operator in Wall Street for some years, and, until their failure, was a customer of Ketchum, Son, & Co. Whether he learned his trade at the feet of Edward B. Ketchum is matter of conjecture. When the house of Ketchum exploded Ross transferred his account to D. Groesbeck & Co., and operated through them to some extent.

His chief speculations, however, were made without the intervention of a broker. Wall Street is so confiding a locality, and brokers are so simple a race of men, that any one who hires an office and hangs out a sign can immediately set his checks afloat for thousands of dollars, and people deal with him as unreservedly as if the mere possession of an office and a sign were certain guarantees of probity and capital. In the gold-room and at the stock board Ross bought and sold with the oldest and wealthiest men in the street. He had an office in Exchange Place, and a bank account at the Union and another at the Continental Bank, so that he was prepared to receive his own stocks and gold. He must have made some money, for on many occasions prior to his explosion he gave genuine checks, genuinely certified, for both.

Money, however, came too slowly to this ardent chevalier of fortune. A short cut to wealth was what he coveted. And on a little reflection he discovered not one, but two. A slight examination of various railroad bonds enabled him to discover a bond which was not disfigured by tawdry pictorial embellishments, but which, being plain and unadorned, was susceptible of exact imitation by any printer. Such a security he found in the 8 per cent. bonds of the Michigan Central Railroad. To his friends, **David Groesbeck & Co.**, he gave orders for the purchase for his account of $20,000 of these bonds. They bought them and duly delivered them to Ross. Thus supplied with genuine originals, Ross proceeded, probably with the aid of accomplices as yet undiscovered, to manufacture spurious bonds. Disposing of his genuine bonds through another broker, he took $20,000 of the forged bonds to **Groesbeck & Co.**, and borrowed $19,000 thereon, the house naturally supposing that these were the very bonds they had bought for him. Another and a larger parcel Ross took to the Union Bank and borrowed money on. It is likely that he disposed of more forged bonds elsewhere, but if so the victims have as yet made no sign. The Michigan Central bonds are so plain that any printer can imitate them to a nicety, and it is remarkable that they have not been counterfeited before.

One royal road to fortune being thus discovered and exploited, the other was next explored. A bank check is said to be "certified" when the paying-teller writes his name across it. This constitutes an acceptance on the part of the bank, and renders the check as good as the bank-notes of the accepting bank. It occurred to **John Ross** that it was no very difficult matter to counterfeit the acceptance of the paying-teller of his bank. He tried it, and after some practice succeeded perfectly. By counterfeit certifications of his own checks on the Union and Continental banks he succeeded in obtaining from **Cro[illegible] Black, & Spalding**, and others, at least $150,000 in gold, with which he took his leave for parts unknown.

It may be remarked that of all the banks in the city there are none whose certification is more difficult to counterfeit than that of the Union and Continental banks. The Union Bank uses a stamp of peculiar shape, and the signature of Mr. **Gerstond**, the paying-teller, is a miracle of caligraphy. Not less remarkable and difficult of imitation is the autograph of the paying-teller of the Continental Bank, which is in a peculiar blue ink, and utterly inscrutable to persons who have not seen it before. The signatures of the paying-tellers of other great banks—the Bank of Commerce, the Bank of the State of New York, and the Bank of the Commonwealth, for instance—are so plain that any school-boy could imitate them easily after a few hours' practice. In practicing his rogueries on the Union and Continental banks, **John Ross** evidently *"jouait la difficulté,"* as French billiard players say. He could have accomplished his purpose much more easily had he forged certifications on the Bank of the State or the Bank of Commerce.

The **Ketchum** affair taught bankers that they must not lend money to any one—however high in station or credit—without a careful inspection of his collaterals. The Ross affair [illegible] Wall Street, and especially the [illegible], to the frightful looseness of their manner of doing business. A new rule should be adopted with regard to the certification of checks. No mere signature—easily counterfeited—should alone constitute certification. A private stamp, constantly changed, and of which the secret were only known to the banks, should be added. If this precaution be not adopted **John Ross** will have many imitators, and their frauds will far excel his in magnitude. With his boldness and skill it is amazing that he contented himself with $300,000, and did not take a [illegible].

As to forgeries of bonds and stocks, there is nothing to be said except that dealers in such securities should not receive them from parties whom they do not personally know. There is no security in our market that can not be successfully counterfeited. The Michigan Central bonds were certainly very easy to copy. But there is skill enough among the rogues who now abound in this country to forge bonds of a much more elaborate appearance. We know that the larger descriptions of the national currency have already been counterfeited with such exactness that even the Department has been puzzled to detect the counterfeit from the genuine bill. Yet these notes [illegible] to be in the highest style of the art—covered with intricate scroll-work, and indorsed with an elaborate picture by the hand of the first engravers in the country. What if the knaves who counterfeited these notes turned their attention to Five-Twenty bonds or Seven-Thirty notes? The only possible security for a banker or broker is to refuse absolutely to receive bonds or stocks from parties whom he does not know. Even this security would fail in some cases, as a rogue might, by following the example of Ross and hiring an office in Wall Street, establish in the course of a year character enough to enable him to circulate counterfeit bonds. But it would be an improvement on the present loose practice.

We are a little curious to see how the chase of Ross will end. The **Lord** robbery and the Madison Avenue robbery have bred queer notions in many people's heads as to the proper functions and the actual policy of our detective police. In the former case the thief, or one of the thieves, is understood to have proposed a negotiation with the police, by which, on condition of his absolute release, his share of the booty was to be divided between himself and the detectives. We have not heard of any prosecution arising out of the affair, though the law against the compounding of felonies is clear enough. If Ross should turn up, and if he should propose to pay the detectives the reward offered for his apprehension—$5000, and to restore half his booty on condition of retaining the other half—would the offer be accepted? And if it were, what would be the effect on the minds of the thieving community?

REFORM IN ENGLAND.

The Government Reform Bill of Mr. **Gladstone** has passed the British House of Commons by a meagre majority of five votes. Its fate in the House of Lords seems, therefore, almost inevitable; and in that event the Ministry will probably resign or appeal to the country.

In the former case it would be impossible to expect public contentment with a Tory administration; while a Liberal ministry would undoubtedly bring in a still more stringent bill. In the latter case the extraordinary spectacle would be presented of a small minority of the able adult population of the country deciding whether any addition to their number should be made from the vast majority. The peaceful solution of such a question would be a most striking and instructive event, for it would show how deeply seated is the reverence for order and law in the general British mind. It would also show an astonishing progress in that direction since the Reform Bill agitation of 1832.

The Reform question in England is not one of an enlarged voting list only, it involves the very character of the Government. As it now exists the British government is one of classes. The practical point of moderate Reformers is to secure [illegible] between the aristocracy, the wealth, and the working-class of the country. The fear of the Tories is that the whole political power will fall into the hands of the working-class, which includes the great bulk of the population. They denounce **John Bright**, therefore, as really aiming at the structure of the Government itself.

But the inevitable tendency of all constitutional governments should teach wise men in England that, as political power will be more and more extended, the true national policy is not closer restriction, but provision to make the extension safe. Education and intelligence are the final security of national welfare; for they see not only the righteousness but the policy and interest of justice, which is the sole enduring corner-stone of peace. Meanwhile there was never a better time for electoral agitation in England. **Gladstone, John Bright, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Hughes, William E. Forster**, and Mr. **Gröschen** are [illegible] able leaders. They all sit in Parliament, and they thoroughly understand the necessity of the reform.

A "WELL-CONSIDERED OPINION."

The popular political comedian, Mr. **John Van Buren**, is reported to have said, the other evening, in one of his most successful acts of drollery, at the Brooklyn Academy, "that the Republican Party was committed by the Administration of President **Lincoln** to the policy of the present Administration; and gave it as his well-considered opinion that Congress had no more to do with the restoration of the States to the Union than they had to do with the construction of the new court-house in the city of New York."

This [illegible] Mr. **Van Buren**, but it is sufficiently answered by the truth, which is simply as follows. On the evening of the 11th of April, 1865, Mr. **Lincoln** made his last public speech from a window of the White House. In the course of it he said:

> "In the annual Message of December, 1863, and the accompanying Proclamation I presented a plan of reconstruction, as the phrase goes, which I promised, if adopted by any State, should be acceptable to and sustained by the Executive Government of the nation. I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that *the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States.*"

He proceeded to say that he had submitted the plan "to the then Cabinet," and that it was distinctly approved by every member, although one suggested "that I should omit the protest against my own power in regard to the admission of members of Congress."

The exact point upon which President **Johnson** differs with Congress is the one which President **Lincoln** expressly declared was the exclusive concern of Congress. Yet the excellent jester, Mr. **Van Buren**, assures us that the friends of Mr. **Lincoln** are committed to the support of Mr. **Johnson** in his difference! Of course Mr. **John Van Buren** is peculiarly qualified to speak for the friends of Mr. **Lincoln**; and of course, as he gave us, at Poughkeepsie, in October, 1864, his "well-considered opinion" that Mr. **Johnson** was a violator of the Constitution, he must be believed when he now imparts his "well-considered opinion" at Brooklyn that Mr. **Johnson** is the Saviour of the Constitution.

Jordan is a very hard road to travel, Mr. **Van Buren**!

THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA.

Mr. **Stevens**'s resolution of congratulation of the Emperor of Russia upon his escape from attempted assassination will probably excite more attention in Europe than it does here. For it is another illustration of the friendly alliance between the two vast Western and Eastern powers which was so conspicuous during the late war, and which is naturally a spectacle of profound interest to other nations.

The attempt to assassinate the Emperor was made by a man who considered himself injured by the emancipation of the serfs. But when he was confronted with his intended victim, who mildly asked him, "How have I ever injured you?" he had nothing to reply. It would have been among the most remarkable coincidences of history if the chiefs of the two great nations which have recently abolished slavery and emancipated serfs should each have fallen by a hand inspired by the brutal spirit of the foe they had overthrown. And certainly, as one has escaped, it is peculiarly becoming in the countrymen of the other to offer their hearty congratulations.

THE VASSAR COLLEGE.

The Vassar Female College at Poughkeepsie, New York, is now fully organized, and established in its noble building. The number of students is already three hundred and fifty, and President **Raymond**'s firm and benign rule is pleasantly apparent. There is naturally the warmest feeling toward Mr. **Vassar**, the founder of the College, and on his late birthday, when he drove out to visit the institution, he was surprised by a most festive and friendly reception from the whole fair body of scholars. They were ranged along the grounds at the entrance, and greeted him with sweet strains and smiles as he passed under flowery arches to the door, while a chosen choir burst into a song of welcome. Afterward there were congratulatory speeches and songs in the chapel, from which the company repaired to the dining-hall, where a tasteful and modest collation was prepared. This was all the work of the young ladies of the College; and it was a very graceful and appropriate tribute to a man who, like Mr. **Cooper** and Mr. **Peabody**, [illegible] to devote a large private fortune to a noble public service.

HEAT-FOOD AND BUILDING-FOOD.

The different varieties of food are divided by **Liebig**, a celebrated German chemist, into two classes—substances which are used for maintaining the heat of the body, and those which supply the material for building and repairing. The former—such as starch, sugar, and oily substances—are found on analysis to be composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; while the latter—the gluten of grains, the fibrin of meat, the casein of milk, etc.—are composed of these with the addition of nitrogen. These latter are therefore called *nitrogenous* food, and the former *carbonaceous*, from the quantity of carbon which they contain. The heat of the body is supposed to be produced by an actual, though unseen, combustion going on every where; that is, by a union of oxygen with carbon, forming carbonic acid, and with hydrogen, forming water—just as in what we ordinarily call combustion. The carbon and hydrogen are furnished in part from the wear and tear, or waste, of the system, and in part from the food. As the oxygen, which, as in ordinary fires and lights, keeps up the combustion, is introduced into the blood in respiration, the heat-making food is called by **Liebig** *respiratory food*.

The views of **Liebig** are disputed by some chemists and physiologists; but without entering into any discussion of them, we would simply say that there is good ground for believing that what is called carbonaceous food is used to some extent, though not entirely, for producing heat. The evidence of this is much more decided in regard to oily substances than those which are starchy and sugary.

We have some practical illustrations of the distinction between the two kinds of food, which are of an interesting and instructive character.

The Greenlander and the Esquimaux eat oily food, in the forms of fat and train-oil, in large quantities, simply because the abstraction of heat from the system demands a large production of animal heat, and therefore an abundance of heat-food, or fuel for the fire. Accordingly ample provision is made by the Creator for their wants in this respect, for the animals from which they get their chief nutriment—as bears, seals, and whales—are full of fat or oil, while there is but little of this substance in the animals that furnish meat to the dwellers in Southern climes.

When there is a deficiency or a suspension of the supply of respiratory food, the fat which has been deposited in the system is burned up, as we may say, to furnish the requisite heat. This is seen in the case of some hibernating animals, as the woodchuck and the bear. When they come out of their torpid state in the spring they are lean, though they were very fat when they went into it. So also in sickness, the fat previously accumulated in the body furnishes fuel for the maintenance of its heat, in place of the respiratory food, the supply of which is now more or less cut off.

The common popular idea is, that the use of food is simply to furnish material for growth and repair; while really a large proportion of it is only fuel to keep the body warm. And there are many facts which show the importance of supplying this fuel-food in due quantity. Such facts as the beneficial influence of cod-liver oil in consumption and other diseases have led to the more careful consideration of the relation of oily food to health. Without adopting the extreme views which have been advanced by some on this subject, we think it to be well settled that the abstinence from fatty substances, so common with many, predisposes them to those diseases which originate ordinarily in a low state of the system, as scrofula and consumption. The habit of eating only the lean part of meat is positively injurious, unless a sufficiency of oily food be taken in some other form—as butter or milk, which contains this substance in combination with others. Persons who commit this error of diet are apt to have a flabby and blanched skin, and coldness of the hands and feet, with an irregular and fastidious appetite.

Infants are sometimes made the victims of this error by a confinement to a farinaceous diet. Barley-water, rice-water, arrow-root, etc., can never take the place of milk; for, to say nothing of other important elements, there is in them none of the butter which is so essential a part of the milk, that beautiful natural emulsion, which contains all the requisites of nutrition, even to the iron for the blood and the salts of lime for the bones.

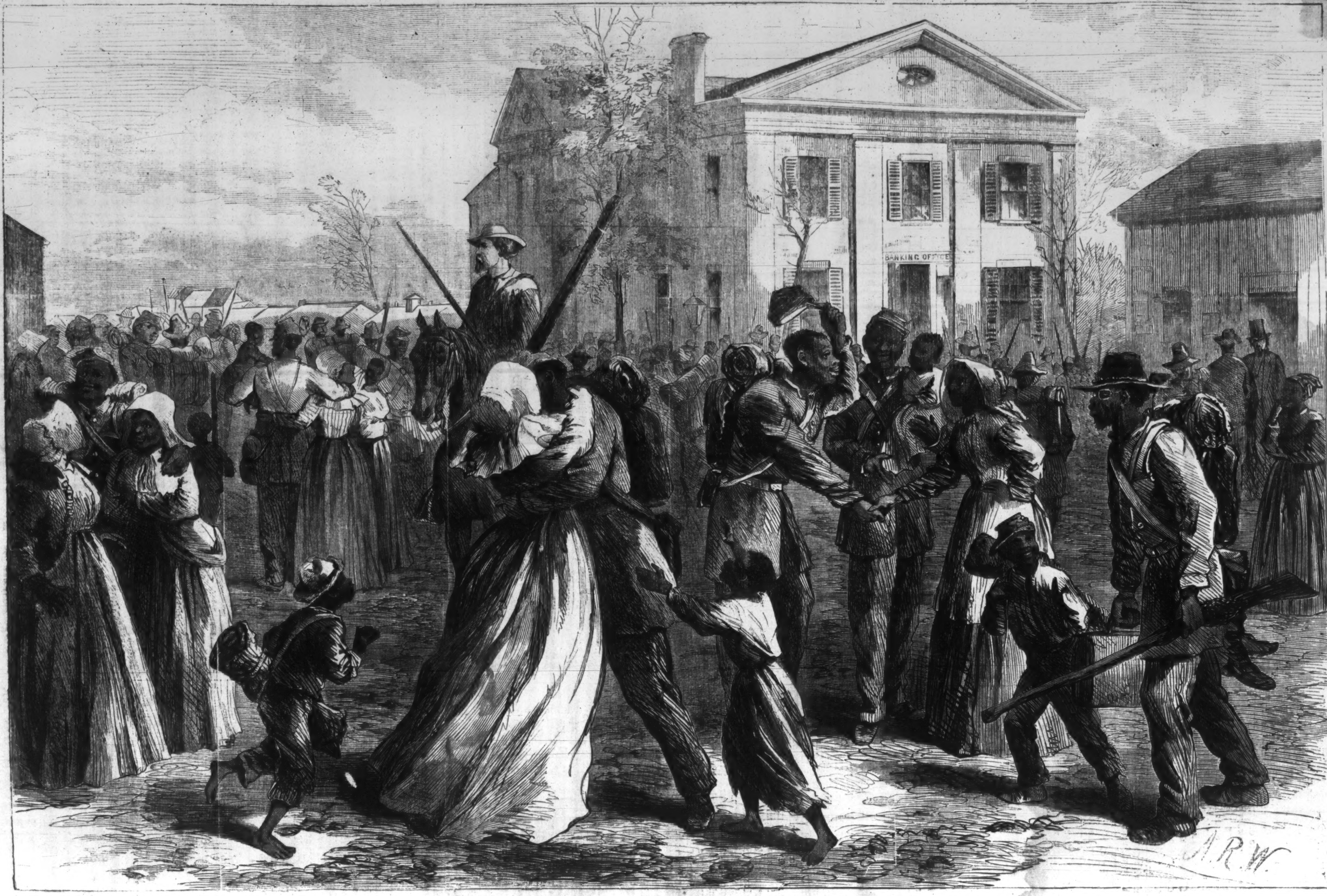
Laboring men require more nitrogenous food than those who lead an inactive life, for there is in them more repair necessary, and therefore more need of material for it. For this reason men that live almost wholly on such articles as potatoes or rice or plantains, which have comparatively little of the nitrogenous element in them, can not do or endure as much as those who have a proper mixture of meat and vegetables in their diet. So, also, a horse that is not worked will be in good condition living on hay and potatoes, but if he is worked he will lose flesh unless grain be made a part of his food.

There is in most articles of diet a mixture of the two kinds of food. This is true of milk and of the grains that are used in making bread. Even in the lean part of meat there is some fat mingled with the muscular fibres. And men instinctively follow out the indications of nature in this respect. Thus the Irishman eats with his potatoes butter-milk for the casein that is in it, or cabbage, which is one of the vegetables that is rich in nitrogen. The Irish dish called kol-cannon is composed of [illegible] and pork, seasoned with salt and pepper. **Johnston** says of this: "Take a pot-bellied potato-eater and feed him on this dish, and he will become not only stronger and more active, but he will cease to carry before him an advertisement of the kind of food he lives upon." So the Italian eats cheese with his macaroni; and the Spaniard [illegible]ly nitrogenous vegetable, with his bread. So pork is commonly eaten with cabbage or beans, butter with bread, and oil with salad.

LITERARY.

The interior spirit of the rebellion was never so appallingly revealed as in the tale of "Inside," now publishing in this paper. In reading the smooth testimony of witnesses before the Reconstruction Committee like General **Lee** and **Alexander H. Stephens**, who state their belief in State sovereignty as perfectly sincere, we are apt to forget what every honest man in the North and South and East and West should remember—that the plea of State sovereignty was urged to protect and defend the untold and indescribable crimes of slavery. That is the eternal disgrace of the rebellion. Had State sovereignty been invoked as a remedy against oppression, as an assertion of the rights of man, as a defense of civilization and humanity, however mistaken as a policy the late rebellion might have appeared it would have commanded the respect which attends all earnest efforts for the improvement of men. But the infamy of the object tainted the whole act. And the passions which slavery had fostered wreaked themselves remorselessly, not upon the slaves, but upon the Union men in the Slave States, who were born and bred in presence of the system, and who were not troubled by it, but who were simply faithful to their country. The fate of such men was tragical. They were hung, drowned, burned, tortured, exiled; and the horrors delineated in the chapters of "Inside" published recently are confirmed by every witness of the interior of the rebellion whom we have ever met, and were personally known to the author of this story. It is not desirable, in the interest of peace and Union and reconciliation, that these things should be forgotten. They were the natural and inevitable fruit of the huge wrong which was more the enemy of the region in which it existed than of the rest of the country. If that region says that it was itself the best judge of the matter, the unanswerable reply is, that so vast a wrong is not to be judged by opinions of its rightfulness, but by its results; and they are curiously blind who do not see that there can be no enemy so fatal to the happiness and prosperity of any community as a system which generated the ferocious crimes of which Union men in the rebel States during the war were the victims.

"Miss Marjoribanks," a delightful novel by Mrs. **Oliphant**, is just issued by the **Harpers**. Those who have followed it in its serial publication are unanimous in their praise of the interest of the story and the skill of its development; and surely no one who has read "Katie Stewart" will doubt the fascinating power of the author.


BANKING OFFICE
A.R.W.

"MUSTERED OUT" COLORED VOLUNTEERS AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO.

THE long-threatened bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet took place on the 31st of March. After the suicide of Admiral PAREJA Captain MENDEZ NUNEZ had become Acting Admiral, commanding the Spanish fleet. On the 27th of March NUNEZ gave four days' notice of the bombardment. Every diplomatic representative of foreign powers at Valparaiso entered a strong protest against the contemplated outrage, in which the rights of neutrals were so directly involved. NUNEZ in his notification of the bombardment based his action upon the refusal of Chili to grant redress for the grievances suffered by Spain, and upon the fact that he had been unable to come to blows with the allied fleet. General KILPATRICK, our Minister to Chili, and Commodore JOHN RODGERS, commanding the United States Pacific Squadron, united in efforts to bring about an amicable negotiation between the contending powers. This might have been effected but for the fact that NUNEZ insisted upon Chili's first saluting the Spanish flag, which Chili persistently refused.

At the instance of General KILPATRICK Commodore RODGERS entered into an arrangement with the British Admiral DENMAN to prevent the bombardment by force. The French Government had but a single war-vessel, the *Egeria*, off Valparaiso, and could not, therefore, offer any very material assistance in a conflict with the Spanish fleet. The attitude taken by Commodore RODGERS and Admiral DENMAN led the citizens of Valparaiso to expect that there would be no bombardment. Accordingly very little heed was given by them to the four days' warning given by NUNEZ. But in this they were disappointed. For at the last moment Admiral DENMAN received instructions from the British Government to maintain an attitude of strict neutrality. Commodore RODGERS, although with the iron-clad Monitor *Monadnock*, as he had assured DENMAN, he would, "in not less than thirty seconds and not more than thirty minutes," leave only the mast-heads of the Spanish iron-clad *Numancia* above the water, hesitated to enter upon the conflict unsupported.

Commodore RODGERS gives the following official account of the bombardment:

> "This morning at nine o'clock the Spanish Admiral opened upon the town with shot and shell, directing his fire principally against public buildings and store-houses. After a continuous bombardment of two hours and fifty minutes the firing ceased, and the Spanish Admiral withdrew his vessels.
>
> "Four of the stone buildings connected with the Custom-house were entirely destroyed, with their contents. Other adjoining buildings used for the same purpose were very much injured. The value of merchandise destroyed in these was vaguely estimated at some twenty-two millions of dollars. The Intendencia, or Government house, the Bolsa, or Exchange, and the railroad buildings were damaged to a considerable extent. Naturally and inevitably parts of the city which the Spanish Admiral declared he did not intend to injure received many of his missiles. Several blocks of private buildings were destroyed by fire, and churches and convents and hospitals were not exempt from injury. Few lives were lost—not more than eight or ten."

The Spanish fleet consisted in all of six vessels—the *Numancia* (iron-clad), the *Resolucion*, the *Villa de Madrid*, *Blanca*, *Vencedora*, *Paquete de Maule*, and the *Berenguela*. Only four of these participated in the bombardment.

Our correspondent, writing from Valparaiso, gives the following account of the assault:

> "The squadron having taken a position near the city, at 9.10 they opened an effective fire on the bonded warehouses, Custom-house, Intendencia, Post-office, Naval Academy, railroad buildings, barracks, and all other public property. The bombardment continued until meridian without cessation. At 11 the bonded warehouses and the southern portion of the city were enveloped in flames, the dense smoke from which arose and settled over the defenseless city like a pall. Although the fire was directed toward public property alone, the shot and shell in many cases injured private buildings to a very great extent. The fire in the southern portion of the city consumed many large wholesale warehouses and private residences. The flames spread rapidly, and for a time defied all the efforts of the Fire Department to check them, assisted by a large number of sailors from both the American and English men-of-war in the harbor. The conflagration continued until late Sunday afternoon. The total amount of losses is estimated at not less than $30,000,000. The fire was not returned from the shore, but the Chilean flag flaunted defiantly on the brow of the hill overlooking the warehouses, and for a long time attracted the fire of the *Villa de Madrid*, a first-class 60-gun frigate; shot and shell fairly rained about the flag-staff, but still the tri-color and 'lone star' could be seen amidst the smoke and dust caused by the explosion of the shell. At about 11.30 a portion of a shell wounded the staff, causing it to lean over a little, but the halliards and stays supported it through the fire. The flag-ship *Numancia* (iron-clad frigate, 34 8-inch guns) did not participate in the bombardment, but kept underway in front of the city, directing by signals the movements of the different vessels. The fire from the frigate *Blanca* and the corvette *Vencedora* was observed to have been particularly effective, doing great damage to the Custom-house and the Intendencia, which buildings, together with those in the immediate vicinity, were riddled with shot and shell. It is estimated that at the least 3000 projectiles were thrown into the doomed city.
>
> "Such was the bombardment of Valparaiso, which was witnessed with absorbing interest by the American and English squadrons in the harbor, and by the wretched inhabitants of the city from the hills overlooking the town."

The report of the Committee appointed at a meeting of British subjects, held at Valparaiso March 28, includes among others the three following significant resolutions:

> "That Rear-Admiral DENMAN'S plea of want of sufficient force to oppose the Spaniards is humiliating to his countrymen and inexcusable, considering that the co-operation of a powerful United States squadron was pressed upon him by its commanders, and that this meeting can not express in sufficiently strong terms its indignation that such an atrocity as the bombardment of a defenseless town with a population of 80,000 inhabitants should be permitted in the presence of a British squadron.
>
> "That it is a matter of regret that between the British Chargé d'Affaires and this community there has long existed an estrangement which has rendered him unfit to represent its interests, and that in the present emergency the disadvantages accruing therefrom have been more sensibly felt by his passive submission to the abuses of the Spanish squadron, while other neutrals have been placed in much more favorable positions through the exertions of their representatives.
>
> "That a deputation be appointed to wait upon the United States Minister, General KILPATRICK, and upon Commodore RODGERS, and express to them, on behalf of this meeting, its high appreciation of their earnest endeavors to prevent, by co-operation with the British forces, the bombardment of this city, deeply regretting that those endeavors had not been more successful."

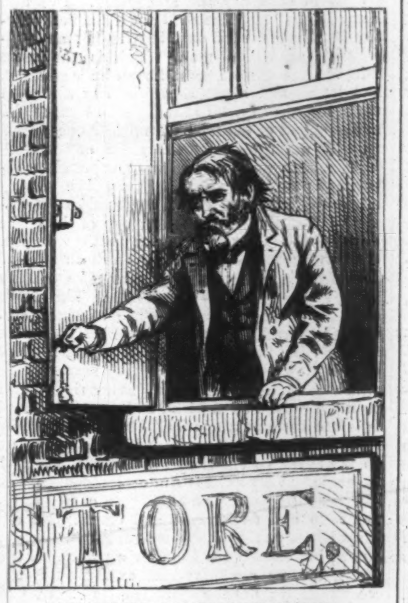
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. FERGUSON APPEARS AT HIS WINDOW.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT is not long after the adjournment of the C. C. that Mr. Ferguson, seated in his room reading the well-worn little Bible which, while yet a youth, he brought over, a genuine fragment of Scotland, with him, preparatory to going to bed, hears a noise as of the gathering of a crowd beneath his windows.

It is the upper room of a large stone building which he had built, by far the most substantial edifice in Somerville, to rent as a store. And it had brought Mr. Ferguson in a good rent until Secession closed it up, as it had closed up almost the whole legitimate business of the South. "The temporary inconvenience," Colonel Ret Roberts remarks in his public and private speeches, "which precedes independence and unparalleled prosperity; and he who bewails it is," adds the Colonel, coming down upon the stand with clenched fist, "either a fool or a Union man and a traitor!"

Very true, of course; yet it *will* sadden one. To say nothing of the vast tracts devastated by actual war, the appearance of the country far from such scenes is mournful. Fields, as you ride along, with broken-down fences, and acres wholly given up to sunflowers and cockleburs, or making but faint fight against them. Nor did you ever before see white girls so young carrying water, or boys so very small driving oxen, or females, not African, cutting wood and hoeing. The desolation looks worst in the little towns through which you pass. The homes are there still, but in painful need of glass and palings and paint. The shops are all still there, but almost all shut up—no sound from within of hammer, plane, or saw. Nor have the offices emigrated; they are all there still, with their rusty signs of lawyer or doctor; but the lawyer, generally speaking, is colonel now, speculator, or quartermaster; while the doctor is killing more rapidly than before in the ranks, or practicing wholesale surgery in the distant hospitals. And the stores remain, but mostly shut up, their enterprising proprietors gone into battle, or, most likely, into cotton. The shut-up doors and windows of the towns may, like the closed mouths and eyes of those in a swoon, be only temporary; but it looks, all the circulation stopped, very much like death. Not that there is not in every village at least one shop, store, grocery, gathering-point of some sort left, whereat clusters together the whole male population on the arrival of the stage, to get the papers and to hear the much more diversified and thrilling news brought by the passengers. An hour is spent by the neighbors so assembled in anticipating what the stage will, and should, and "has to" bring before it drives up; then two hours, after it has gone, in discussing what it actually does supply them. Blessings on these, the mass, the more virtuous and industrious portion of the people, the country, in fact, yes, Heaven abundantly bless these, even though it be in ways they dream not of! But upon the leaders—editors, military magnates, political preachers most of all—upon these rest the justice of Almighty God!

But Mr. Ferguson. He listens a while to the noise growing louder beneath his windows, then kneels for his evening devotion, remaining perhaps longer upon his knees than usual. Rising at last, he listens and considers. All the doors and windows of the building, for fire-proof purposes, are coated with sheet-iron and securely fastened. The truth is, Mr. Ferguson has long calculated the possibility of an attack, and is not unprepared. He glances at his iron safe—yes, his scrap-book, to say nothing of other valuables, is secured therein, and the Scotchman deliberately hides the key in a crevice to which he has called the attention of Mr. Arthur long before. As the noise below increases into groans and yells he coolly produces from their hiding-places and lays upon the table, cleared of every thing for the purpose, two of Sharp's rifles, a pair of revolvers, a claymore brought from Scotland; the two Derringers he secures about his person, with the handles ready to his hand.

"Twelve and twelve," he says aloud of the provision on the table for his coming guests, "are twenty-four; two in my pockets, twenty-six; claymore at least one to that—say thirty in all." And so he snuffs the candle, takes his seat, and listens. Yes, it is the night of the C. C.—he remembers that. But then it may prove a false alarm.

He listens. Yells, oaths, blows upon the door, cries for ladders and axes. Not the C. C. only; there is a Camp of Instruction some dozen miles from town, and stray soldiers therefrom drop in to take a hand—good practice for actual war.

"Oh, nobody's going to kill the man; only going to give him a good scare," is the remark made to Dr. Warner, who, plucking himself out of the coils of his wife wound about him in night-gown and hysterics, has come down to see what is afoot, and that physician is tossed off from the crowd like a straw; and while he catches desperately at the attention of this and that individual, meditating a stump speech in defense of his friend, the tumult increases until he is fairly drowned and washed away.

"Now, then, what do you want?" hails the Scotchman, who has raised a sash, opened the leaf of a shutter, and looked out.

The pressing necessities of the mob thus appealed to are various.

"A hundred dollars for the soldiers!"

"In gold, old hoss, mind!"

"And holler hurrah for Jeff Davis!"

"And down with old Lincoln!"

"Promise you will leave in twelve hours."

"And never come back." It is Joe Staples, this last; it will be several thousand clear gain to him if the Scotchman complies or is killed. And thereupon follows a perfect storm of suggestions from the many-headed. The Scotchman waits patiently till he can be heard.

"Men!" he begins, at last.

"Stand firm, mon!" shouts a powerful voice from over the way; and it is followed almost instantly after by the awful blasphemies of Dr. Peel, in the centre of the crowd, upon the man who said it.

"Men!" continues the besieged, "you are half of you deranged, the other half drunk. On that account I don't want to kill you. Do what you please. Only put my life in danger, however, and I will kill some of you. Howl away!"

And the Scotchman draws in his head, closes and fastens the shutter, lowers the sash. Not an instant too soon, for the missiles rattle upon it like hail.

Considering within himself, the Scotchman drags a large desk so as to fortify himself in a corner commanding windows and door, upon which he disposes in easy reach his weapons, having first carefully examined the caps of his fire-arms and unsheathed his claymore.

"Yes, I maun not forget it," he says, relapsing for a moment into a dialect the very burr of which has almost worn from his tongue; and taking the key from its crevice over the mantle, he unlocks the safe, takes out a written paper, dates and signs it, with a line under in explanation.

"It's not as regular as a mon can wish, but it's the best a mon can do. Ah, yes!" And he lugs out his ponderous collection, writes a rapid bulletin of matters up to date of siege, pastes it from his mucilage apparatus and with the dexterity of long practice in its place in the volume, and replaces it and the paper in the safe, relocks it, puts the key in its place, and is comfortable once more.

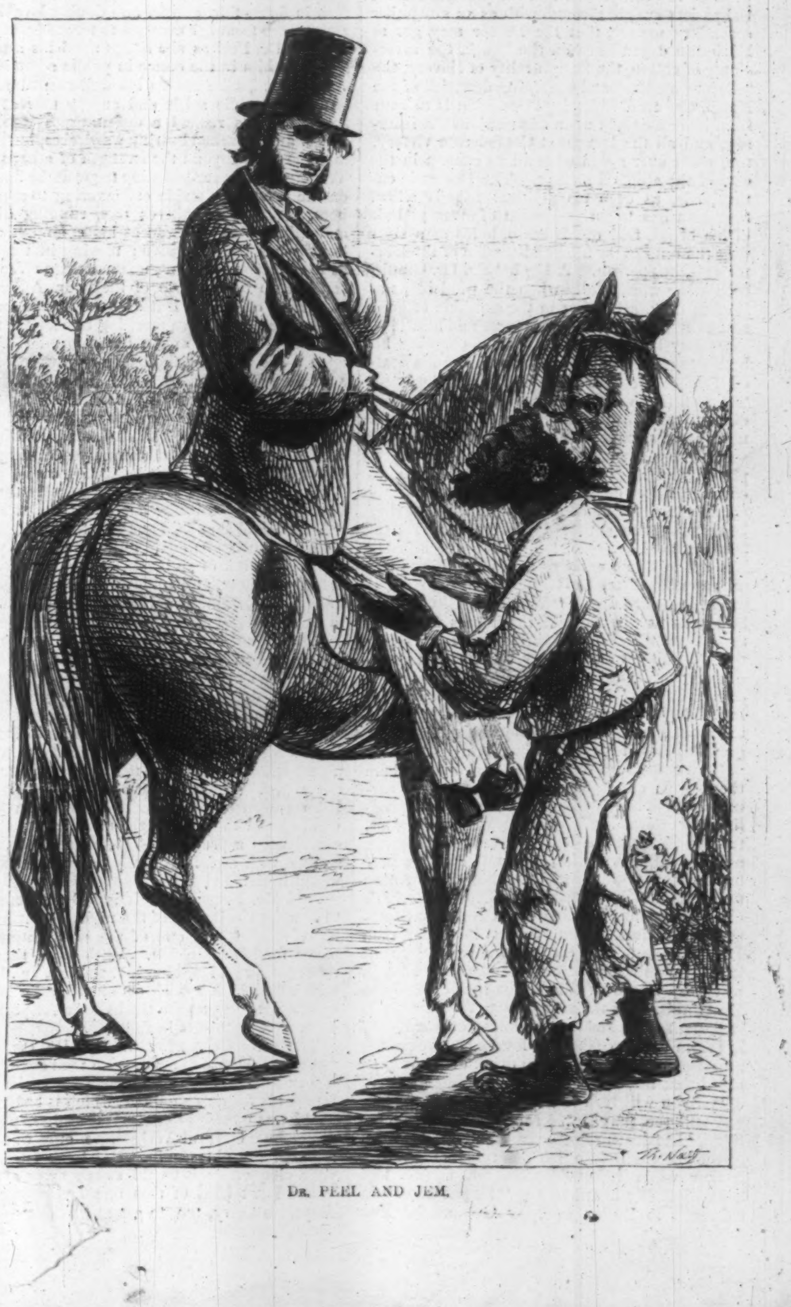
"What fules men are about their Wills," he says as he takes his place behind his abatis, "and I as great as any," he growls.

Meanwhile the uproar without is enough to appall the stoutest heart. If yells and curses could have beaten down walls it would have been "all over" with Mr. Ferguson. What next?

Towering on the horse-block in front of the store, Dr. Peel, with terrific profanity, announces to the C. C. present that, having splendidly accomplished their project of frightening the old scamp, the next thing is to adjourn in quest of drinks.

But Alonzo Wright, being already supplied on that point, most strenuously objects, his thirst is now for blood. "Our own boys far away to-night," he shouts from the horse-block, "fighting for us, pouring out their blood in rivers. And here in this house is an insolent old scoundrel worse than the worst of Yankees. It is time to make example of these Union men, sneaking scoundrels, traitors, abolitionists," and a deal more to the same effect. Furious curses, ardent appeals, passionate entreaties—there is splendid eloquence in the raving of the man, and the audience are in the mood to appreciate it. In fact Joe Staples is making a free thing of it at the bar of his hotel near by, is even pressing his liquors upon all who come in perpetual relays from the crowd and back again. The ex-tailor sees a chance of his making the happiest hit of his life; he even dispatches a negro with a demijohn down to the crowd.

"Axes, men, axes, and our cry to-night is Rappahannock!" And the speaker springs from his rostrum among an excited crowd of kindred spirits. Some little time is spent in obtaining axes, those near by having unaccountably been mislaid. Next, it is slow work trying to peel the iron sheeting off the stout doors, especially in the rush of the crowd, each thinking he can do it



DR. PEEL AND JEM.

better than the other, Dr. Peel as active among them as Alonzo Wright.

Meanwhile Mr. Ferguson within ponders his course: "Had I not better fire on them from above? If they get those doors down they'll be upon me in such numbers—wait on the Lord till the last moment before you take to your pistols. God forgive me, I *have* been too cross with these poor demented bodies all along! Too close in business matters, mon. Not meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in— It is good," he continues to murmur to himself, "both to hope and"—arranging the weapons to his hand—"quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord. Forgive my contempt for these fules, Lord, but Thou seest they are *such* fules."

The blows rain fast and heavy on the doors. Stop! They must have given up the axes, and are now using a ram of timber. The Scotchman has known of too many similar atrocities, has dozens of them in printed form and written in his Scrap-book, not to know, specially since he has heard Alonzo Wright among the crowd, that his own death is about as much a speedy certainty as any thing human can be. The flaxen hair, the blue eyes, the bonny smile—it seems nearer, clearer to Mr. Ferguson than for many a long year now. Heaven! But unfortunately he can not think of heaven without a grim remembrance of the Secession of angels therefrom, and the fate of said angelic Secessionists, too. Pity the one great gulf should swallow us all up so completely these days.

But the bells? What can they be ringing the bells so for? That begins to be an inquiry among the excited mob, pausing a little to listen and ask.

Fire! An illumination upon the sky, dark shadows beginning to fall from the houses that way across the street. Fire! fire! And falling upon the excitement before Mr. Ferguson's doors, as when the sun shines on the hearth-stone, the greater glow extinguishes the less. Fire! fire! fire! And even Alonzo Wright, disabled some time ago by an accidental blow upon the shoulder from the axe of Dr. Peel in the intense energy of the Doctor, after cursing for a time the rapidly-diminishing crowd, is compelled to limp after it. In little more time than it has taken to record it the assault on Mr. Ferguson has begun and ended.

"Dr. Ginnis's! Dr. Ginnis's!" is the cry into which that of fire has now subsided.

"Dr. Ginnis?" Then, as we too hurry on to the spot, one word about him; it can soon be said, before we've gone more than a square. Low of stature, stout of frame, red of face, puffy of breath, loud of tongue, excitable of temperament, "Secession from the start," of course. From the outset it is with pain that Dr. Ginnis tears himself from the knot at the street-corner to visit a patient. He is hardly in the sick chamber before the topic is introduced. As soon as possible the complaints and the prescription for the patient are got through with as an altogether secondary matter, that the Doctor may get to European dependence on the South, the sovereignty of cotton, the Scripturality of slavery, the religious apostasy and hastening downfall of the North, the untold blessings Secession is to pour from its cornucopia upon our glorious Confederacy, and all the last great Confederate victory, too, roars over again with all its cannon in the ears of the stunned patient. The Doctor is enthusiastic, as even his political friends allow; Secession has taken possession of every globule of his blood, fold of his brain, holds as a rider does the reins every fibre and tendon of the Doctor's gibbous person. A big bubble, Dr. Ginnis, oscillating wonderfully when the wind blows as it often does, glittering in the sunshine of good news. It does Mr. Ellis good to see and hear him.

"Glory be to God!" he shouts, clapping his hands together, snatching his hat from his heated forehead, and waving it with enthusiasm. Then off like a shot, a large one, from the Post-office to spread the tidings whenever wonderful news arrives, as it does almost every mail.

"Have you heard the news?" he cries to people on foot across the street, on horseback, in carriage, whom he sees as he goes, never waiting till he can get near enough to see whether they be acquaintances or not. "Glorious news! Yankees cut to pieces again! fifty thousand killed!" Not apt to be up early as a general thing himself, no man before Dr. Ginnis when the stage is to get in before day. "Wake up, all of you!" he shouts at the doors of the houses as he returns home with the great intelligence. "Wake up!" banging tremendously on the gates and doors. "Great news! Louisville captured! Cincinnati burned! Washington City in our hands! hurrah! Wake up! Glory be to God!" And the Doctor hurries on to stir up the rest, making great billows in his wake, literally *wake!*

"Twenty-seven regiments bayoneted where they stood; cut down and cut to pieces; the carnage tremendous!" And Dr. Ginnis has a peculiar way of drawing his coat-sleeves up his arms, turning down the cuffs of his exposed shirt-sleeves, as he says it, and moving his mouth and eyes as if he was about taking part therein himself, unctuous to behold. Being a member of Brother Barker's church, no man, not even Sam Peters nor Brother Barker himself, more fervent in prayer than Dr. Ginnis—only he begins too violently, runs in fifteen minutes into hoarseness, and ends in wheeze. There is this slight inconsistency in Dr. Ginnis. At the very outset of Secession, in indignant denial of the possibility of war resulting from the same, he had loudly and frequently promised contemptuously to drink every drop of blood that might be shed.

"If you will turn to Psalm fifty-fifth, fifteen, you will see that David said exactly the same thing, 'Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell,'" remarks Brother Barker when informed that Dr. Ginnis had been distinctly heard to say "Damn him!" in reference to Butler in New Orleans. "You will hardly deny that David was a holy man. And these are most extraordinary times. We can not judge men by the rules of ordinary times; it would be foolish as well as useless to do so," reasons the divine. Nor was he the only professed Christian who used the same reasoning in reference to the intoxication of leading members of the church, even chaplains in the army, on rejoicings over victories. In fact, it was said of Brother Barker, and of many others like him, that, not content with supplicating yellow-fever and death in every form, as well as that in battle, upon the infidel foe, he and others had prayed for something that sounded marvelously like an eternal damnation of the same foe. Let any one who retains today clear recollections of what passed during the great delirium say, was this actually so or was it not?

Turning a corner on our hurried way from Mr. Ferguson's we find it *is* Dr. Ginnis's house that is on fire. Upon the whole, the handsomest two-story residence in Somerville, handsomely furnished, the Doctor has not occupied it more than a year. And the Doctor is moved as never the most glorious news had ever moved him before. Consequently the wheeze is upon him almost from the first. He stands now near the fast-consuming remnant of his home, stunned, silent, in utter collapse. For there is this peculiarity about Dr. Ginnis, that he is as much affected by bad news as by good, the elation produced by the last being fully equaled by the degree of depression produced by the first—according to the inexorable law of mechanics whereby action and reaction are equal. Hence it is that while we good Secessionists rather like falling in with Dr. Ginnis when good news is afloat—we couldn't avoid doing that, as the Doctor then pervades every nook and corner of Somerville—we would rather not fall in with him when the news is bad. In this last case, to do the Doctor justice, we are not apt to, however, as he stays pretty closely at home then, if possible.

But Dr. Ginnis is not needed at the fire at all. Dr. Peel has arrived on the spot among the first, and has been hard at work from the moment he arrived. Truth is, Dr. Peel, by sheer force of the man, has come to be the life and soul of Somerville long before this; no public dinner, no war-meeting to receive from or dismiss to the war any distinguished personage or personage going to become distinguished, no ball or tableaux, no public enterprise, of which Dr. Peel is not the grand carrier-on as well as the originator. We have come even to accept the essences, jewelry, broadcloth, and boasting of the man in consideration of his undoubted patriotism and princely liberality of feeling and of funds. It has got to be generally believed that Dr. Peel and Anne Wright are engaged to be married, and Alonzo Wright has risen a hundredfold in public consideration, to say nothing of Anne, frail in form, fair, gentle, and doubly lovable in appearance from her contrast to magnificent and swarthy Dr. Peel as she hangs upon his arm or stands by him in the dance in public assemblies.

And Dr. Peel sustains his well-earned reputation for public spirit and energy now at the fire. He has rushed a dozen times into the house, and returned bearing wardrobes, bureaus, and the like, beyond the strength of other men. Tearing off weather-boarding to get at the flames; on the top of the stable endeavoring to save it; here, there, every where; men running hither and thither like children at his command; his hat gone in the confusion; moving in the heat as in his native element, no man there refuses to feel him to be the hero of the hour, Agamemnon, king of men. But even Dr. Peel can not work miracles. When morning breaks it is upon the chimneys only and a few charred timbers, upon a bed of ashes, the bones, as it were, of the once living home, from which life and flesh are gone. All that is left is for Dr. Peel to start a subscription list, before he has washed his hands for breakfast, in Dr. Ginnis's behalf, heading it with a handsome amount, and canvassing the entire community with it before night.

In his heavy loss Dr. Ginnis accepts the assistance with gratitude, but adds to Dr. Peel: "A thousand thanks, Dr. Peel, for all your noble aid; but if you could only help me to prove it was the work of an incendiary, even if we did not know whom, and couldn't catch him—just to know that certainly would be a great satisfaction to me!"

He does not say it, but to have it known that his house had been selected out of all others in Somerville as that of the most prominent patriot there for destruction, would have gone far to console the Doctor.

"That was my full belief at first," says Dr. Peel, with oaths, "until I happened upon that pipe I showed you lying near the stable among the straw. Some careless old negro woman. If I was you I would examine into it; and if I was to know that any negro of *mine* had lost *me* so splendid a property—" And the friend describes, with awful profanity, the vengeance he would inflict.

And Mr. Ferguson? It is full compensation to him for the insults of the night that it has, at least, yielded him one of the most interesting pages for his collection. With more than the neatness, precision, blue ink, red ink, and black, with which he keeps his own land and other accounts does he prepare the bulletin for posterity, date, events, results in full.

The second day after the fire Dr. Peel rides out to see Alonzo Wright. No man could make a handsomer apology for having accidentally lamed his friend's shoulder, which is badly hurt.

"I was opposed to going on at first, you will remember, General Wright. I only wanted to frighten the old scamp. But I got excited by your eloquence; it would sweep away a stone. When I got hold of that axe I was in such a desperate hurry, too, to get at the fellow—"

"Let us say no more about it," interrupts Mr. Wright. "I am sorry for that man Ginnis, of course, but I am very glad the fire happened just as it did. When I am drunk I am a perfect fool, rather a devil incarnate. If any thing had happened to that brave old man I could never have forgiven myself. What an old Trojan he is! I will make a point to speak to him the next time I see him on the streets. It was the same way with Mr. Arthur. I made myself a perfect blackguard with him once—you may have heard of it—at the old gin. He will bear me witness I went in next day and apologized. I've told Anne here nobody ties the knot if she ever marries but that man, if only he was not an Abolitionist, or Union man, which is the same thing. True as steel he is, for all he is so quiet. But let us talk about Burnside, any thing. I made a fool of myself that night in Somerville, am ashamed of it, and have made Anne a half promise never to go to the place any more." This, with a good many strong expressions between, from Mr. Wright sober, a person bearing no resemblance to Mr. Wright drunk.

So Dr. Peel, taking another cup of the coffee—"the genuine article, Doctor; no rye, barley, okra, sweet-potatoes, or other trash in it"—of Miss Anne's making and another slice of Miss Anne's sponge-cake—only blondes like Anne can ever make real sponge-cake; brunettes succeed in pound, preserves, and the like, not in sponge—Dr. Peel, we say, changes the topic to our bright prospects now of speedy success. At which point, Colonel Juggins having ridden over to trade certain oxen with Mr. Wright, Dr. Peel is left to be entertained by Miss Anne.

Petite Anne! A canary-bird is small, we know, never so small as when in contrast with an eagle. Very quiet is Anne; low-spoken, too. Blushes also coming and going on causeless errands to and from heart and cheek. No one plays better on the piano—not concert music, you know, but exactly the kind for a parlor. Anne sings, too, as a canary-bird ever should, and very sweetly; not the operatic style either, yell, squall, inarticulate; you are not deafened by Anne, and can make out as distinctly every syllable she sings as if she spoke it. Dr. Peel standing behind her, turning over the leaves of her music as she plays, joining in with his splendid voice, stooping to say this and the other nothing in his lowest modulations.

"I had no idea it was so late!" she says, with an instant thrill at the impropriety of saying so with such simplicity, when, at last, Dr. Peel sees by his massy gold watch that it is time for him to go. Mr. Wright, done with Colonel Juggins by this time, urges his guest to stay to tea. Dr. Peel would do so with great pleasure, he could ride in to town by moonlight, only he has "an appointment to keep."

"With some fair lady, I'll bet," says Mr. Wright, good-naturedly, as he shakes the Doctor's hand on parting.

"Wrong this time, General—*not* with a lady," replies Dr. Peel, Anne's little hand in his as he bids good-by.

No, not with a lady. As the Doctor nears the corner of a fence, about a mile from Somerville, he draws rein to speak with a particularly ill-visaged negro man, evidently waiting for him there. Protruding chin, with beard in little knots upon it here and there; retreating forehead; coarse wool tied up in pig-tails, sticking up in every direction from his head; squalid clothing; long, ape-like arms; big, flat feet—a savage. In all New Zealand none more so. Not a more thorough savage that hour in the Africa from which the man's great-grandfather came, save that here Jem is enveloped in an atmosphere of civilization, the chief ingredient gas of which for his breathing is—force. And Jem has lost his ancestral Fetich, the Christianity he has in exchange being too undefined for him at least to put in words if questioned. Not that there are not thoroughly pious negroes at the South; there are many thousands of them—a larger proportion of them pious, perhaps, than of the whites, only Jem was not one of them. Yet, sad to say, when Jem has any special villainy to engage in the negro in Somerville of all others whom he is sure to call upon to assist him therein is Orange, a preacher, a very Brother Barker for singing and praying among the blacks. Beyond this there is not, of course, the least parallel between the two preachers. Only, the remark may, with great deference to every body, be made, that, if Brother Barker's Scripture views of Slavery prompted him to his most violent courses, by a singular coincidence, it was the Rev. Orange's views, too, of Slavery from the Bible—read, doubtless, upside down—which prompted him to his most objectionable courses; *his* evil courses being, however, all underground. So very sly is Orange that it is hard to speak certainly; yet, if the fact was known, it is rather Orange who employs Jem in deeds of darkness than Jem who employs Orange. Just now both are in the hands of a greater than either.

"Splendidly done, Jem; you couldn't have done it better," says Dr. Peel to Jem standing before him. Great contrast between the broadclothed, bejeweled, perfumed, highly-educated, perfectly-accomplished, and powerfully-influential Dr. Peel and the savage beside him! Civilization and Barbarism embodied and in strongest contrast? Apparently. Only there is not another white man in Somerville to whom Jem does not take off his hat when he speaks to him, but the relic of a head-covering remains untouched on Jem's head now, though no man can express in word and manner greater respect, even affection, for a companion.

"On'y Orange an' me," he says.

"I told you boys before I don't think it is safe the money should be in your hands; you are sure to let it out," begins Dr. Peel, taking a canvas bag, apparently quite heavy, from his bosom.

"Me an' Orange think so too, on'y we is out of tobacco. A few dollars for our women-folks, too," pleads the savage as humbly as a child.

"Very well, certainly," says Dr. Peel, replacing the bag in his bosom, and giving the man a few coins of gold from his purse. "You may have that over and above, and welcome. The rest any day it is safe for you. You and Orange can't be too careful, remember, Jem. You know how to get it to me if you hear any thing. When I need you boys I'll let you know."

But what would have struck an eves-dropper in all this interview most was the singular bearing of these two very different villains to each other. It can not be expressed in words, but it was very singular—very singular indeed.

A STRANGE STORY.

WHEN the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gens d'armes, was placed in the dock of the court of assize, there was a general stir among the crowd which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit—not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the State. He had figured at Augtil in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Lépervier had undertaken his defense, M. Louraugain, the attorney-general, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defiled before the charmed auditory, and sported, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbé Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady of the last century by her train-bearing page. In this pompous diction a man became a mortal, a horse a courser, the moon was styled pale Dian. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably "the authors of my being;" a dream was a vision, a glass a crystal vase, a knife a sword, a car a chariot, and a breeze became a whirlwind: all of which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty.

Pierre Granger was a clumsily-built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high color, and small, cunning gray eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, wherein his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and his autograph was in wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Césarine Laugelot, the lioness of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department; neither gentleman, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet-prisoner. When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honorable names; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vernor. At the sound a slight murmur was heard among the spectators, while MM. Louraugain and Lépervier exchanged a rapid glance, which seemed to say: "Will not *you* challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernor into his appointed place, and amidst profound silence the indictment was read. Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. "Do *I* trouble my head about *your* affairs?" he would say. "Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow with gun, sword, or pistol." Major Vernor was precisely the very man to keep his word; the few persons who had entered his lodgings reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havana. He was tall, very thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his mustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings he used to frequent the public reading-rooms of the town, but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his mustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good-night, major!" Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply, "Good-night, monsieur!" but in so rude and angry a tone that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation. It was remarked that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the major possessed an evil eye that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: "He must have said 'good-night' to the major."

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: "How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?"

"Monsieur no doubt forgets that this is Good Friday."

"Send me up two mutton-chops."

"Impossible, major—there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had either."

"What a set of fools!" exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles reeled and rocked just as if all the wine in their bodies had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter, and said, "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inlaid carbine which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale when Baptiste returned with a double-barreled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major coolly examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens. Two large ones flew out of a turret just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

"*Sacré bleu!*" said he, picking them up. "I'm regularly sold—they're quite lean."

He returned to the hotel, and, according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened booty was dressed in a savory stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food. From that day the major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on the public promenade every one avoided him; at the theatre his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each old woman that met him in the street invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation; at first he used to receive a good many of these, and the perfumed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may easily be understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor. The paper of accusation, notwithstanding drawn up by the attorney-general with a force and particularity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amidst profound silence broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had coolly settled himself to sleep. The gens d'armes tried to rouse him from his slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half open his dull, brutish eyes. When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid fiendishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself; as to his children, they were dirty, squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else. It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Louraugain and M. Lépervier both made marvelously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he well knew that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration he managed to squeeze from his eyes a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son. At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given for the jury to retire for half an hour, and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the thirteenth lighted a cigar, and, reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched, with an envious eye, the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the major, politely offering his cigar-case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome." The juror took a cigar, and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbor. "Well, how do you like it?" asked the major.

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From the Havana." Several jurors now approached, casting longing eyes at Major Vernor's cigar-case.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

At that moment an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting: the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backward, and lay senseless on the floor. The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernor to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the town-hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger. Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernor, however, stood up, placed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said, slowly—

"I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same!"

"Sir," replied the foreman, in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I then so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the major, meekly.

"Certainly, in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken to do impartial justice. I am a man of honor—"

"Bah!" interrupted the major; "are you quite sure of that?"

A general murmur of indignation arose.

"Do you know, Sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Major Vernor. "What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests with us. Before I can resolve to make a dead body of a living, moving being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not so certain."

An ominous silence ensued. The major's words seemed to strike home to every breast, and at length one of the jurors said, "You seem, Sir, to regard the question from a philosophical point of view."

"Just so, Monsieur Cerneau."

"You know me, then?" said the juror, in a trembling voice.

"Not very intimately, my dear Sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago that an honest poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair, at being refused by you a short renewal, which he had implored on his knees."

Without replying M. Cerneau retired to the farthest corner of the room and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

"What does this mean?" inquired another juror, impatiently. "Have we come hither to act a scene from the 'Memoirs of the Devil?'"

"I don't know that work," replied the major; "but may I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves?"

"Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you."

"As how?"

"With my sword. I shall do you the honor to meet you to-morrow."

"An honor which, being a man of sense, I must beg to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine; you murder them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Lillar, which took place, I am told, without witnesses? While he was off his guard you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means enticing."

With an instinctive movement M. de Bardine's neighbors drew off.

"I admire such virtuous indignation," sneered the major. "It especially becomes *you*, Monsieur Darien—"

"What infamy are you going to cast in *my* teeth?" exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

"Oh, very little—a mere trifle—simply, that while Monsieur de Bardine kills *his* friends you only dishonor *yours*. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table, and purse are yours, has a pretty wife—"

"Major," cried another juror, "you're a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calfat, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain among us, I believe, is the man who himself set fire to his house six months after having insured it at treble its value in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry."

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calfat's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

"Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?" asked another, looking fiercely at Vernor.

"Who am I, Monsieur Peron? Simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court-cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please."

M. Peron gave an involuntary start, and thenceforward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrific aspect. The voice of the major rang in the ears of eleven pale, trembling men, with a cold metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernor burst into a strange, sharp, hissing laugh. "Well, my honorable colleagues," he exclaimed, "does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of the slightest pity? I grant you he has committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not had your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue—that was his real crime. Now if, after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said for her repose—if he had purchased a burial-ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogized Pierre Granger as the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?"

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza; she died of pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the major; "you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue five months after she had made you her sole legatee."

Then the major was silent. They were now in total darkness. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash, but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. "Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear Sir," he exclaimed, addressing the foreman, "you were the only honest man of the party; and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person which places you on an honorable level with Pierre Granger!" Then, having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought, he said, "Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste and finish our business."

Ten minutes afterward the foreman handed in the issue paper—a verdict of Not Guilty—and Pierre Granger was discharged amidst the hisses and execrations of the crowd, who indeed were prevented only by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernor coolly walked up to the dock, and passing his arm under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side-door.

From that hour neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in the country. That night there was a terrific thunder-storm; the ripe harvest was beaten down by hailstones as large as pigeons' eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church tore down its gilded cross.

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison at Toulon. I have given it verbatim from his lips; and as I was leaving the building the sergeant who accompanied me said, "So, Sir, you have been listening to the wonderful rhodomontades of Number 19,788?"

"What do you mean? This history—"

"Is false from beginning to end. Number 19,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who during the last few months has given evident proofs of mental aberration. His monomania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was himself found guilty, by a most respectable and upright jury, of having robbed and tried to murder Major Vernor. He is now about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, so that you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions."

"And who is Major Vernor?"

"A brave old half-pay officer, who has lived at Toulon beloved and respected during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to-day, smoking his Havana cigar, after the table-d'hôte dinner at the Crown Hotel."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"PSHAW!" exclaimed Mr. Browne, contemptuously, as he flurried over the leaves of a fashionable magazine. "I can't find a decent story here. Now, what are all these?"

Mrs. Browne came and sat down on the arm of the easy-chair in which her liege lord was reclining. "These? Why, those are crochet patterns!"

"And that," indicating with his finger a singular-shaped figure, "is that a crochet pattern?"

"No, you dear, innocent man," returned Mrs. Browne, "that is a pin-cushion—and there," turning over a leaf, "is another pattern, such a beauty: to be made in dark blue velvet and pearls! I am going to get materials to-morrow and commence one for the toilet-table in our spare-room."

"Ah!" responded the gentleman, reflectively. "Do you happen to remember, my dear, how many pin-cushions you have made for the spare-room since we were married?"

"Well, you know that pretty white satin one baby spoiled, playing with it—"

"Curious plaything," murmured Mr. B.

"—And somebody spilled some hair oil on the pink silk one; and I began a cushion out of black velvet, but I never finished it; and then that beautiful crimson—Where are you going, Mr. Browne?"

"Only to my writing-desk," replied that gentleman, who was already half across the room.

"Dear me, how abrupt!" ejaculated the lady, taking up for continued examination the magazine which her husband had tossed upon the table. Pretty soon, however, tired of the silence, she stole softly along to the writing-desk, and peeping over Mr. Browne's shoulder, said, "May I see what you are writing?"

"Oh yes, my dear! it is especially for you. Or stay, I will read it to you." And placing her on a very comfortable seat, he commenced as follows:

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PIN-CUSHION.

Although for centuries the pin-cushion has been a denizen of human habitations, and has thriven and been most prolific in the very centres of civilization, its physiology and habits have been but little noticed by naturalists. Even the place to be assigned to it in the order of animated nature has been disputed.

Linnæus classed it with the hedge-hog, porcupine, and kindred animals; with which it has one noticeable affinity—that of shedding loose spines on the approach of man; but to which in other respects it is very dissimilar.

Buffon, observing that it frequented human habitations, and chose chambers and dormitories for its abode, was led to consider it an insect, and to class it with the spider and cockroach.

Cuvier, however, who was the first to dissect the creature, and observe accurately its anatomical structure and relations, corrected these errors and rightly assigned to the pin-cushion a place in the order Invertebrata, in company with the urchin, the sponge, and the (baby's) coral.

The pin-cushion is a creature of which it may be said with justice, that you do not see all its *good points* at the first glance. Individuals of the species differ widely in size, and even somewhat in form. All, however, so far as observed, have a soft, homogeneous body, destitute of skeleton, and covered with a firm, tough skin, in which are set, more or less thickly, a great number of spines, which serve, probably, as its principal media of communication with the world, as it has no limbs nor organs of locomotion. It has eyes however. If a few needles are thrust into its back the eyes may be seen distinctly.

The pin-cushion is very domestic, seeking the society of man, though it decidedly prefers that of woman. It loves to lie on mantle-pieces, on dressing-tables, or wash-stands, or to make its nests in bureau-drawers. The smaller varieties will burrow confidingly in a gentleman's pocket. It is less timid than the rat or mouse, seldom moving from a stranger even, unless actually touched. It thrives best in the temperate regions, and prefers cities and large towns. It has been found in the tropics, but neither Parry nor Kane make any mention of having found it in the frozen North. It is most prolific, and attains the greatest size in hotels, barbers' shops, fancy fairs, and similar places. Though sociable toward man, it is not gregarious. It is rare to find two of these little creatures together.

The pin-cushion frequently enjoys long life. The simplicity of its internal structure preserves it from many of the ailments to which the nobler animals are subject. It is most liable to perish through severe abrasions or divisions of the external skin, to which it is exceedingly exposed. When these occur immediate aid should be extended, as nature appears to possess no restorative power. By means of proper appliances the wounded pin-cushion may be *recovered;* and care being taken, it will usually pass a long, contented life, perishing at last through simple old age alone.

"Dear me! Mr. Browne," exclaimed the lady as that gentleman came to a pause, "what an amount of nonsense you can write about nothing!"

"Nothing! Why, I am sure I thought I had been writing about the pin-cushion. But if you insist upon calling it nothing I have no objection. Only I am hungry—I am sure that was the tea-bell that rung before I had read my second *point* in the pin-cushion."

And they went down to tea.

If Mr. Browne's brain had been less prolific we should have had room to give our lady-readers some descriptions of "new styles" for "pin-cushions." As it is we can only say that they can scarcely fail of finding a paragraph headed "*New shape for a pin-cushion*" if they open any popular periodical (*for ladies*).

It is certainly to be hoped that the following statement, made by an exchange, is a mistake:

"Within a month after the opening of the New York Inebriate Asylum over fifteen hundred applications were made by wealthy parents for the admission of their daughters, who had contracted habits of intemperance from the use of wines and liquors at fashionable parties."

May-day in New York develops character. Selfishness and meanness are brought to light as well as generosity and nobleness. Some people have a way of taking a petty revenge *on the house* they are leaving; or else it is merely a chronic meanness, by carrying away with them pieces of it.

On the second day of May a gentleman of this city went to call on a friend who had been boarding in Twenty-third Street. On reaching the house he was puzzled by not being able to find the bell-handle. Concluding he was mistaken in the house, he looked for the door-plate—it was gone. *That* was not strange; but on searching for the number of the house that also had been removed. A further investigation for some means of ingress showed that the *door-knob* was *minus*. A slight push opened the door, revealing that the *lock*, and all pertaining to it, was wanting. Convinced by the surroundings of the identity of the house the gentleman stepped into the vestibule; and seeing through the curtainless glass of the inner door a small boy, he resorted to the successful expedient of tapping on the glass. It was a somewhat doubtful relief to learn that his friend was not an occupant of this lockless, latchless house, since the probability seemed strong that the rapacious, out-going tenant had carried off his boarder *per force.*

How many full-grown Americans know how to *eat* properly? The lawyer who stuck up on his office-door, "Gone to dinner; back in ten minutes," might as well have added, "I am killing myself by bolting my food, and then trying to digest it over my papers; at forty-five I shall probably be either a broken-down invalid or a lunatic, but, in the mean time, I am very much at your service." There is also a ghastly humor about the other story of the host in a New England city who asked his guest, at a mid-day dinner, if he would mind eating his pie in the street as they walked along.

The over-strict regarders of *etiquette* often suffer severely in consequence nowadays. But even the most punctilious of our time would scarcely make such a sacrifice of *good taste* as that recorded in the incident we give below:

In England, during the French Revolution, the Duke of Bedford invited the emigrant Duc de Grammont to a splendid dinner, one of those magnificent entertainments which English noblemen pride themselves on giving to crowned heads, and their good feeling prompts [illegible] to exiles. During [illegible] was produced, which for age and flavor was supposed to be matchless. It was liquid gold in a crystal flagon, a ray of the sun descending into a goblet; it was nectar which was worthy of Jove, and in which Bacchus would have reveled. The noble head of the house of Russell himself helped his guest to a glass of this choice wine, and De Grammont on tasting it declared it to be excellent. The Duke of Bedford, anxious to judge of its quality, poured out a glass, which no sooner approached his lips than with a horrible contortion he exclaimed: "Why, what on earth is this?" The butler approached, took the bottle and applied it to his nostrils, and to the dismay of his master pronounced it to be castor-oil! The Duc de Grammont had swallowed this horrid draught without wincing.

As to fashions: Bonnets, it is said, are not worn at all! A handful of lilies or violets, festooned with a ribbon, and placed coquettishly on the top of the head, being mostly concealed by the hair, is used as a substitute. So bonnets amount to nothing!

Some other things *are* worn, however—dresses, for example—and very handsome ones too.

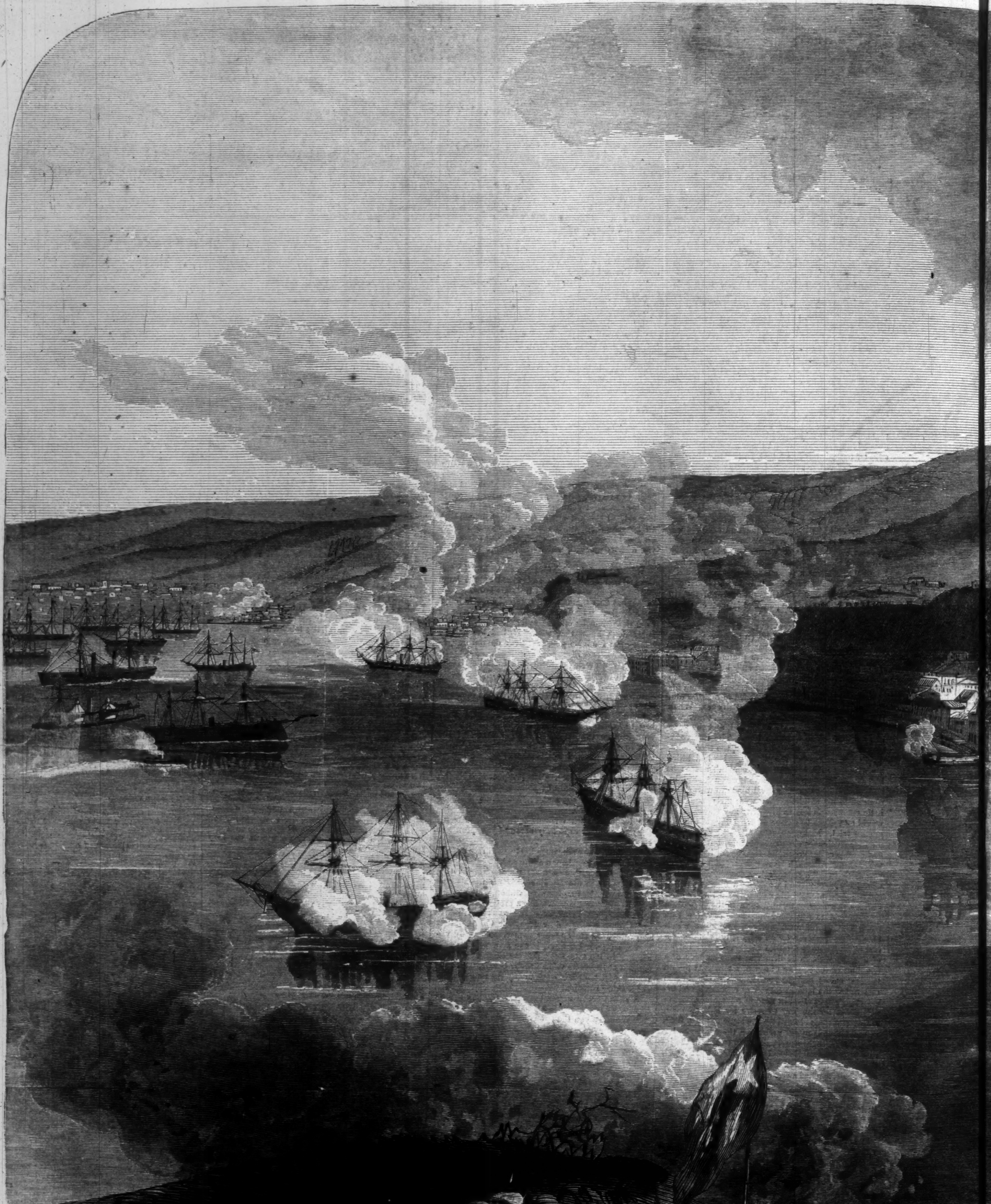
The popular material for the present season is called *crépon*, and is one of the prettiest fabrics ever manufactured. It is a sort of strong China *crépe*, with all the lustre and brilliancy of silk upon it; and, added to this, it has an admirable quality—it is soft to the touch. Pearl-gray *crépon* dresses, trimmed with pale-blue silk, are very popular. The silk is cut on the cross and made into bands, and these bands are worked over with crystal beads. This trimming is varied either with guipure, lined with colored ribbon or with narrow fringe, arranged in rows to simulate turrets. Pink and blue *crépon* dresses are particularly pretty for evening wear.

White and scarlet will be the Parisian summer mixture, and therefore likely to be also adopted here. Many white foulard bodices are trimmed with these colors. A very pretty one has, first, scarlet ribbon frill and black lace round the throat, and another turned down as a collar round the neck. Scarlet buttons covered with Cluny lace are arranged down the front, and the cuffs match the neck.

Garibaldis in white muslin are trimmed with a new material in cotton that washes with them, and looks at sight like black ribbon and Cluny lace. Some of these bodices in fine muslin, lace, and embroidery, are cut open square at the throat. Others cross like a *fichu*, and are composed of narrow tucks and lace.

Colored hand embroidery on shawls is a new feature in the fashions introduced for the coming spring and summer. The materials upon which the work is executed are China *crépe*, French *crêpe*, fine cashmere, etc., and upon black or white grounds. Flowers and leaves are introduced in the natural colors, sometimes in garlands carried round the shawl as a border, and sometimes in sprigs. Lace patterns in black and white, and executed with a Russian stitch, are also used, sometimes alone, and at others mixed with the colored flowers. Rich soft silk fringes, knotted, are generally added to these shawls, but sometimes the border is of lace, black or white, or a mixture of both.

Black and white grenadine shawls, embroidered in scarlet, deserve notice as novel. Plain shawls also, in these thin materials and fringed, and also plain scarf shawls in llama, in all colors, delicate light-blues and rich rose shades, will be worn.


U. S. S. Vanderbilt.
U. S. S. Monadnock.
Spanish Flag-ship Numancia.
Resolucion.
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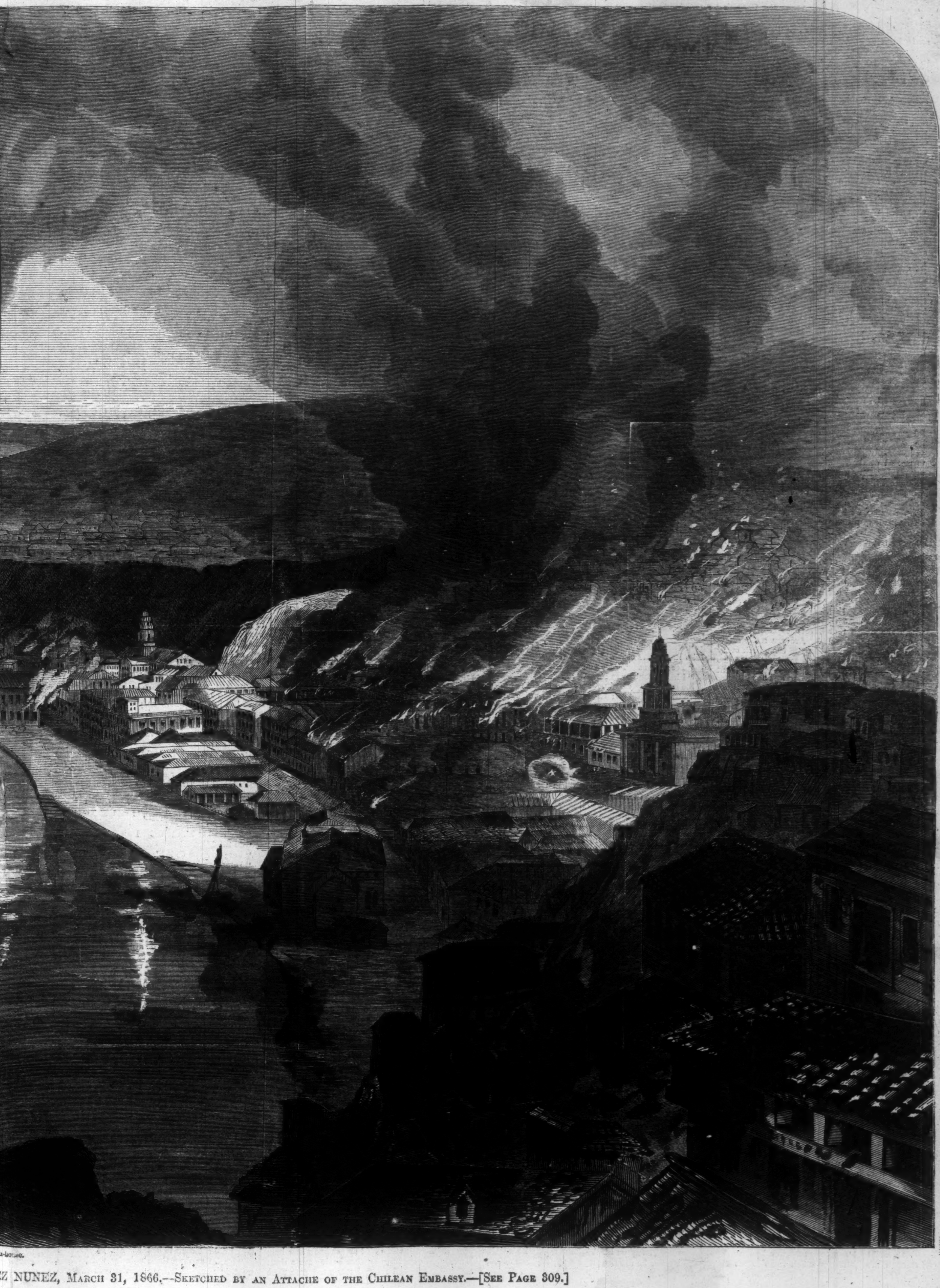
THE BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO, CHILI, BY THE SPANISH FLEET UNDER ADMIRAL MENDEZ N



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Z NUNEZ, March 31, 1866.--Sketched by an Attache of the Chilean Embassy.—[See Page 309.]

Mr. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

"Augusta, I wish you would practice Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh, how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt—she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them admire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practiced for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow! he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now—at least rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things while I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden inclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark, perhaps, yet strangely pleasant. At least they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting-room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonnette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dream-land like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really forever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning gray, hears that grand mournful music to which your pleasant homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him—tall, dark, grave, very little altered; and not at all old. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon: I forget how the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate he met my aunt. They heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good-looking, and he was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to every thing he said or did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright, warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted, I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good-humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course we did not speak about his umbrella on this the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased; but somehow or other I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterward. Tiresome man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt toward him, and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but oh, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent! And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear, good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true, warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I—"

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights and a letter for my aunt. While she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little heedless Jessie good—poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied, amazed. "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing toward the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he *would* always keep in a corner of the sitting-room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busy-body," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busy-body. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I can not help thinking—"

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I did not mean to leave home this year; but now I will take you to the sea-side. You must have a change, my poor darling!"

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting by my dear aunt's side and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish withered hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh! too calm, too deep, were those slumbers. The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law; but I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I staid there or not, this was no such great favor after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have condoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still how could he do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous, and defiant under her infliction; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I can not say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked—'gone to London?' 'No, indeed! What should she go to London for?' He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear!' I replied: 'it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.' I have no doubt he thinks so too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often." Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the gray sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy, half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him?—and if I cast him away who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? "Poor Carlo—poor old Carlo!" I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying:

"Mr. Thompson, ma'am."

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

"Oh! I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carelessly. "I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson."

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

"I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you," I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not? But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged; but that every thing was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

"She left in no very contented mood, I believe," he resumed. "The balance in her favor was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations can not be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know *I* can not pity her very much."

I supposed not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

"I have a fancy," he resumed, "that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it, now?"

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

"Did such a rumor reach you?" he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

"Even you have heard it," he said, looking scarcely pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better."

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some hesitation, "I can do so but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper, which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last, "and you—"

"Well, what about me! Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why, surely—else I had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity—I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor, forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me—Yes or No. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good-will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me—never—never again should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I can not be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my love and my pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But instead of going to look for it he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I can not bear to give you up, indeed I can not."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that—" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then: and, though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

SEED-SOWING.

I.

MR. LINKLETTER perceived in Amelia—a dawning lady of sixteen—a growing interest when questions of love and matrimony were under discussion. Mr. Linkletter had loved and lost. Not loved and lost in the beautiful way that leaves a sweet and tender pain behind, but loved and lost in a bitterly practical and unlovely way. I should put it plainer if I said that, life being viewed as a vast gambling-table and matrimony a lottery, he had staked his love—and lost, not won. He had suffered, in a word, profoundly; and his experience he knew to be worth more than untold gold, if its lessons would but be received by the young and forward-looking. Little Amelia was one such. Mr. Linkletter was thrown frequently into her society, and, wishing to sow good seed in her heart, he had striven to win her esteem by listening with every indication of interest to her callow prattle about beaux and that sort of thing. So he found his opportunity to speak words of warning and wisdom to Amelia.

One day, discovering that she listened to him with high apparent interest, he suffered himself to talk at such length as this:

"You think you love, do you, Amelia? Perhaps you do. I can't tell. But let me whisper this secret to you: girls of your age do not often love profoundly, nor judge wisely concerning their own hearts. How should a little lass whose mind is immature—wholly in the formation state still—be able to tell the difference between a girlish fancy, which time will wear away, and that true love which sinks deep into the soul, and knows no change nor death till the grave covers the heart in which it dwelt? It would not be fair to expect that of her. Love is a thing that can not die. It is nonsense for any one to say that a person, having once loved, ceases to love, that love changes, that it cools or deadens, that the lover becomes tired of his sweet-heart. Impossible! To love once is to love forever."

"This kind of love, Amelia, does not often take up its dwelling-place in the heart of a girl of sixteen or a boy of eighteen. Not but that it may, and can, but that it hardly ever does. When it does there is something rarely exceptional about it. If I were to say what I thought was the truest age at which the impulses of the heart may be relied on as a safe index, I should place it somewhere beyond the age of twenty-five, for either sex. For men, perhaps later. Men's minds usually do not mature in the direction of the emotions so early as women's do. When a man or woman seriously 'falls in love' (as folks say) at the age of twenty-six or seven, or upward, it is pretty sure to be a true passion, which can not be destroyed. If it is a false one it will pass away speedily. But to really love at that age, and to marry, is to be happy."

Feeling himself getting into deep waters, Mr. Linkletter paused.

"Are people always happy who marry when they are twenty-six or seven?" asked Amelia, with charming simplicity.

"There!" said Mr. Linkletter, "I wanted just such a question, Amelia, to help me out. No; don't let any such absurdity as that get before your eyes, and blind them to the truth. We are talking—"

Mr. Linkletter perhaps forgot that he was himself doing all the talking.

"We are talking, you must bear in mind, about *love*. Now the world is full of people who don't marry for love, and don't pretend to. They marry for wealth, or for convenience, or for pride; some marry for hate. That *these* marriages are unhappy is to be expected, and is no more than fair. But when people marry, as they suppose, for *love*, they certainly ought to be happy. Now here's the thing in a nutshell. If it is *true* love they *will* be happy—they must be (and I positively assert that a true and noble love can never die). At eighteen they are incapable of judging in this matter; at say twenty-six or seven they are capable, if they ever are. So if a girl of sixteen thinks she loves, there is no certainty that she does love—she is terribly liable to be mistaken about it. But if a woman of twenty-five thinks she loves, it is pretty certain to be so. I have known fifty cases of marriages for love (so supposed) at eighteen, and they all proved ill-assorted and miserable unions. Now the sum and result of this sermon, Amelia," Mr. Linkletter smiled, "is this—that marriages contracted between children are woefully in danger of proving unhappy. You are young; the opposite sex is peculiarly attractive to you; your heart feels the longing to love, and reaching out its tendrils, as the poets say, for an object to cling to, is quite as likely to cling to the wrong object as to the right one. When you stop to think that among every hundred young men you see it is barely possible the *one* exists in whom your heart will find that perfect, restful love that will bear you through life, isn't there a grave danger that you, in your determination to love *somebody*, will love—or seem to love—the wrong one? Now fancy for an instant that you are married to one of these youths at the age of seventeen; a few years—nay, a few months—may show you that your love does not satisfy; in time it dies; you may find some 'surcease of sorrow' in the new and different love you give to your children; but you feel that this is not true love which you bear your husband. This is mournful, but, alas, how many go through life so! Pray God they may know nothing worse than the mere 'dreariness of emptiness' herein! But suppose the worst happens—suppose, when ten years are gone by, and you are twenty-seven, you chance to meet the man you *should* have married—what then? Ah, that is the terrible thing! But what help is there for you now? It is too late!—too late! You are bound about by other ties, which must not and can not be broken! You look back on your past life, and see wherein you erred, and that you must bear the consequences of your error through life. You can do nothing—nothing except to pray Heaven to help you carry your weary load."

Mr. Linkletter bowed his head on his hand, thinking I know not what thoughts. Amelia, supposing from his silence that he was done, stole out of the room. He heard the door close behind her, and raised his head but not in time to add the further word he would have said: bidding the young girl beware of becoming bewitched by the mere senses, and of taking the step which she might some day find was beyond all setting right.

However, he believed he had sown good seed; and he lighted a cigar and went to his office.

II.

I HAVE a love-scene to describe. Gather round me, young ladies. It is *bona fide*.

Scene, a pretty parlor. Time, evening. Window-curtains down. Lamps lit.

A young man of perhaps twenty-one was kneeling at the feet of a beautiful girl with warm brown eyes and flowing curls.

That a young man of respectable parentage should kneel on the floor at the feet of a young lady of equally respectable parentage, in the heart of a civilized community, in the State of New York and in the year 1862, is an absurdity, I freely admit. But in that absurd position did Charley Christie find himself on the evening in question, and Kate M'Call looked down upon him not unkindly while he so continued.

"Kate," said the young man, "won't you say yes? You *must* say yes! I will not get off my knees till those lips have pronounced the simple word that bids me hope."

"Oh, Charley, how can I?" said little Kate, seventeen to a day, and *very* impressible. "What would father and mother say?"

"They would relent, Kate. I'm sure they would. Your father likes me. Do say yes!"

Poor Kate was in a quandary. It was a trying position for a girl of her generous nature, to sit there and witness such a handsome fellow as Charley Christie, with such sweet whiskers, kneeling at her feet with his earnest, up-looking eyes, and begging her to "say yes."

All that "yes" meant, being said, was that she would marry Charley the next day, privately.

"Oh dear, I am afraid, Charley!"

"You love me, Kate?"

"Yes; that is, I think I do. But I should be so afraid, when I go home to Penville again, and had to tell father and mother what I had been doing. I—I think I had better not."

"You refuse me, Kate?" said the young man, in deep distress.

"No—not exactly. But you—you must let me have time to think of it a little."

"You're not going to tell any one?"

"Oh no. I wouldn't dare."

"Then when will you give me an answer?"

"Why, you are so sudden, Charley. Give me till day after to-morrow."

"So long as that, Kate!"

"That is not so very long. I will give you an answer day after to-morrow."

Having said so much, Kate felt a great relief, and this helped her in sticking to her point.

So Charley got off his knees without having heard her "say yes," thus violating his own terms.

Kate was at this time visiting her grandparents in this city. Young Christie, as an old acquaintance in Penville, had been permitted to escort her about to places of amusement, and a week of uninterrupted evenings in her company had brought the youth to his present pass.

The next day Kate went to a tea-party given at Amelia Marsfield's, and there she met that queer old fellow, Mr. Linkletter—a man past thirty-five, but *such* pleasant company!

Mr. Linkletter was pleased with Kate's ingenuous face and soft eyes, and talked with her a good deal. What seed he undertook to sow in that quarter, if any, I never asked him; nor whether he had any opportunities that he ought not to have neglected. I trust he had.

While he sat talking with Kate in the parlor after tea he was suddenly hailed across the room by Mrs. Gossop, a pretty widow of twenty-five, with the exclamation:

"Mr. Linkletter, what is this heresy? Amelia says you told her the other day that no one could really love till they were twenty-six or seven years old."

"Me?" said Mr. Linkletter, blushing deeply at finding his private seed-sowing thus being converted into a spectacle for a roomful of ladies. "Why, no; I did not say so—that would be an absurdity."

"Why yes you did, Mr. Linkletter!" cried Amelia, turning on him with a look of much astonishment.

But Mr. Linkletter shook his head. Also, he would have been glad to hold his tongue, but they would not let him.

"Then what *did* you say?" asked Amelia, a little piqued.

"Yes, what did you say, Mr. Linkletter?" put in Mrs. Gossop.

"I said—I—I—that is—"

Guilty man! Why did he stammer so?—and blush so? He asked himself why, and got no answer from himself.

I can tell him why: It is one thing to sit in a rocking-chair twiddling your watch-key, and calmly and deliberately uttering sentiments which you design for the private and especial behoof of a single young lady auditor in whom you feel a kindly interest; and it is another thing to have a chorus of female voices plump at you a witness-box sort of a cross-question of, What *did* you say? Say it again, Sir. Repeat your words, Sir. Let us know what all this means.

"Amelia," said Mr. Linkletter, gravely, endeavoring to recover his calmness, "do you soberly say that I said to you that no one could love till they were twenty-six or seven years old? Is *that* what I said?"

"Yes," said Amelia, who innocently believed herself to be stating the gist of Mr. Linkletter's whole argument; "I know you said so, Mr. Linkletter, for I heard you, and I don't forget so easily."

"It is impossible I should have uttered such an absurdity, child," said Mr. Linkletter, a little warmly—stumbling sinner that he was; "why not say twenty-six years and three months? A statement of that kind is absurd."

Amelia was confounded, but obstinate.

Mr. Linkletter grew more cool.

"I will try and tell you what I did say, ladies," said he, finally. "I advanced, in general terms, the principle that love, as between the sexes, was a sentiment that could not well exist in an immature breast. A girl of eighteen or a young man of twenty is not likely to be capable of judging wisely concerning a passion that has an apparently strong hold upon his or her heart; and although it *may* be a true love, the probabilities are a hundred to one that it is *not* the love which will endure forever, and bless the life of the pair. I said, that at twenty-five or upward, one is not likely to be mistaken in the matter, while at the younger age one is *very* likely to be. Marriages contracted at so early an age prove almost always unhappy. Such marriages are often performed in a gust of passion—are often born of the moment—and two foolish children may bind themselves in a weak, blind hour, and mourn that hour all the rest of their lives. I deem it the most dreadful danger to which our young people are exposed, the facility with which private marriages are performed in this State. The clergyman who will thus marry two big babies ought to be thrashed; but there are in this city plenty of clergymen who will do it."

Mr. Linkletter, having thus strayed a little aside from his proper theme, suddenly made a faint effort to return to it, and failed wretchedly.

"As a general principle, the child that walks into a pond will be drowned; and, as a general principle, the children under twenty who venture the untried waters of matrimony will be sorry they had not waited till old enough to swim."

Here Mr. Linkletter stopped in a miserable state of dissatisfaction with himself.

And as he went to his room that night he muttered to himself,

"I am almost resolved to register an oath, like the man in the farce, that I will never undertake to do a fellow-creature a service again. The idea of that hasty little Amelia getting no more good than that out of my sermon the other day! I am tempted to declare this seed-sowing a humbug."

Don't, Linkletter, my friend. That would be rash and false.

Let me whisper to you that brown-eyed Kate M'Call took into her heart the seeds you dropped while in the parlor, as a flower drinks the dew it needed that very hour. She left the house that night wiser and stronger than when she entered it—all through you.

Charley Christie, if he had waited on his knees for Kate's "Yes," would have staid in that position till this day. For Kate said "No."

Inside of six months Charley Christie found another flame, and Kate M'Call was as nothing to him. She is still at home in Penville—still under twenty-five—still beautiful, and growing more loveable every year. Who marries her for love his heart will be made glad.

"And some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up it withered away, because it lacked moisture.

"And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it.

"And other fell on good ground."

There is always good ground somewhere. Let us not weary, Linkletter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GUARDED ACCOUNT OF IT.—A man asked the cause of his father's death, answered that, "while he was addressing a large outdoor assemblage of people, who were listening to his remarks with the deepest interest, a portion of the platform on which he was standing gave way beneath him, whereby he was precipitated several feet with such violence as to break his neck." His father was *hung*.

Who were the original bog-trotters?—The *Fenians*.

CURE FOR A COLD (A.D. 1430).

Putte your fette in hot water,
As high as your thighes;
Wrappe your head up in flannelle,
As lowe as your eyees;
Take a quart of rumm'd gruelle,
When in bedde, as a dose;
With a number four dippe
Well tallowe your nose.

A man, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "Is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

A LAY FOR MAY.

"May I come?" said the month. "Oh, say!"
"May you come?" we replied. "You may.
For you come politely,
Deftly, and sprightly;
Not roughly,
Or gruffly;
Not asserting your right,
Nor using your might;
Not with raging and riot,
But with mildness and quiet;
Not with a must, and a shall, and a will,
But pleasantly, orderly, meekly, and still,
Craving permission with 'May;'
So, May, you may come and stay."

Why is England the richest country in the world?—Because it has a Deal more on its coast than any other country.

A reporter, in describing a meeting of a total abstinence society, said that "they had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired from the hall full of the *best of spirits*."

Why is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland beneficial to the Fenians?—Because it quickens their apprehension.

What kind of money is every where legally tender?—Matri-mony.

"If a family quite fill their carriage why are they not to be trusted? Do you give up, Sambo?" "Well, massa, I 'spects it is becos dey's got de seat full (deceitful). Yah! yah!"

It is only a curious grammarian who would inquire too strictly concerning your relatives and antecedents.

What man is keener than a razor?—A sharper.

WARNING TO MEDDLERS.—Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a certain church made "bad, worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat, keeping his hat on. The elder, noticing it, requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he spoke to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted the hat off, when, to his chagrin, out rolled a quart of hickory-nuts, making more noise than was consistent with decorum. "Man," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of the successful cunning displayed by the Head Centre in eluding the police, we believe that the title of a well-known spot in Dublin is to be changed: instead of "Stephen's Green" it is henceforth to be known as "Stephen's any thing but green."

DIET AND REGIMEN.—Those who live on *sponge* cake must often eat humble pie.

Why are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an ague fit?—Because they are all in a *quiver*.

A prodigy reading in a paper that a distinguished opera singer had "a voice of two *registers*," expressed his opinion that she ought to sing with great warmth.

Most ennybody kan write poor sense, says Josh Billings, but thare ain't but few that kan write good nonsense—and it o'mos takes an eddykated man tew appreciate it after it iz writ.

"Now children," asked a school inspector, "who loves all men?" A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not well up in the Catechism, answered quickly: "All women!"

A German surgeon in Paris was recently bereaved of his wife by death. His friends assembled to condole with him, and found him engaged in dissecting her body!

The ancient Scandinavians called their poets *Scalds*; the modern Scotch poet is *Burns*: poetic fire in all ages.

A CAUTION TO TAX-GATHERERS AND OVERSEERS.—If a man is to do as he is done by, he may well be excused for scolding when he is rated.

Ladies look most "killing" when they are ready for sleighing.

A WORTHLESS BOND—A *vaga*bond.

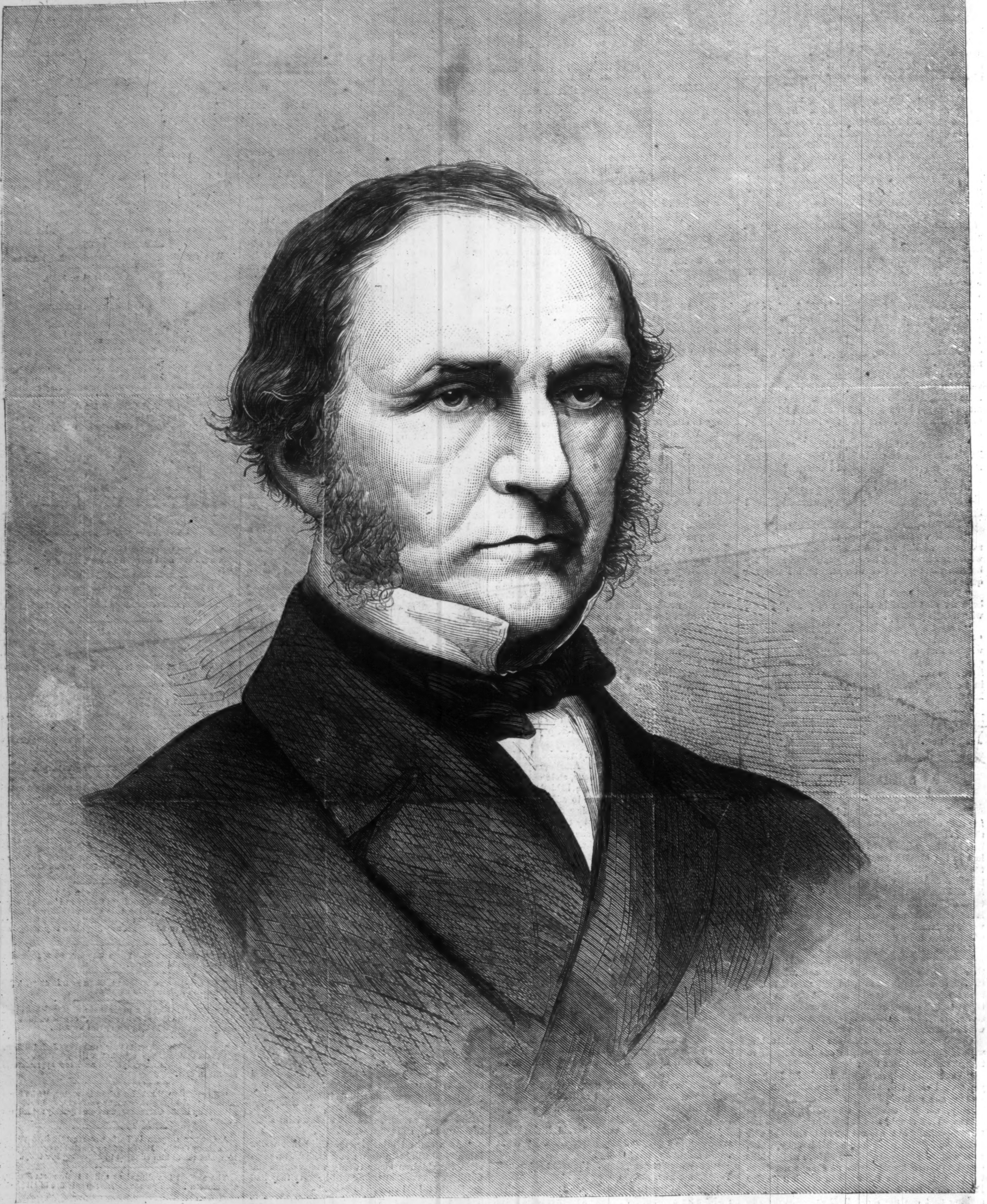
AFFECTIONATE TIMES.—Every thing is about as dear as it can be.

Why, if you paint a man's portrait, may you be described as stepping into his shoes?—Because you make his feet yours (features).

"It is not meat only that is so enormously dear," said a careful housewife; "but I can not obtain flour for pudding for less than double the usual price, and they do not make eggs half so large as they used to be!"

Do you want to know the man against whom you have the most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

"RAISING CAIN"—The planters down South.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.

GLADSTONE.

Upon the death of Lord Palmerston it became evident that the duties of leader in the English House of Commons must devolve upon Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many misgivings were felt as to his fitness for so responsible a position. There was no question, of course there could be none, as to his ability; but it was doubted whether he possessed the necessary discretion, tact, and command of temper—qualities which had been so characteristic of his predecessor. Mr. Gladstone has thus far been fully equal to the occasion, and for judgment and prudence, as well as for pre-eminent ability, he stands to-day the first of English statesmen.

The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, the fourth son of the late Sir John Gladstone, Bart., was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809. He graduated at Oxford in 1831. Shortly after his election as member of Parliament for Newark, in 1832, Sir Robert Peel appointed him to a junior Lordship of the Treasury, and two months later to the post of Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. Together with his ministerial leader Gladstone soon retired from office and remained in the Opposition until Peel's return to power in 1841. He was then sworn a member of the Privy Council, having accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade. In this position it became his duty to explain and defend in the Lower House the commercial policy of the Government. The revision of the British tariff in 1842 was almost entirely the result of his energy and industry. In 1847 he was chosen the colleague of Sir Robert Harry Inglis as member for the University of Oxford. He could not unite thoroughly with the High Church and Tory party, and he refused to accept office under the short-lived ministry of the Earl of Derby in 1852. He was, however, returned that year by the University of Oxford, though not without a sharp contest. His influence more than that of any other man contributed to the early dissolution of the Derby administration and the succession of the Earl of Aberdeen. Under the latter he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Palmerston took the Government in 1855, and in a few weeks Mr. Gladstone resigned on account of a difference with the ministry in regard to the conduct of the Crimean war. He still continued to give the Palmerston ministry his support, and in June, 1859, he resumed the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which office he has since retained. In the late elections he failed to be returned to Parliament by the University of Oxford, and now sits as a member for Lancashire.

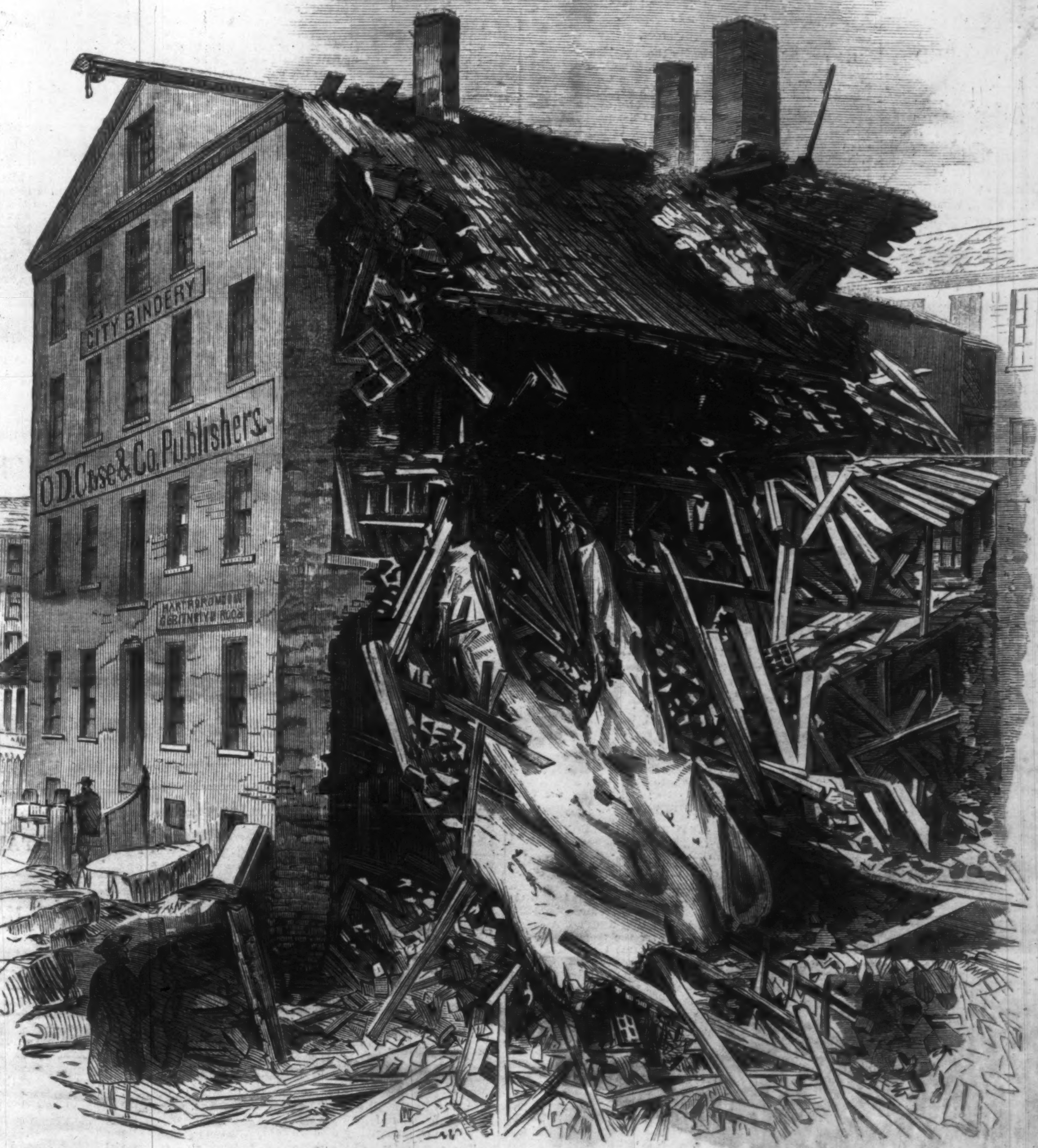
As an author Mr. Gladstone is chiefly known by two works—that on Church and State and his work on the Homeric Poems. The former was the subject of one of Lord Macaulay's critical essays in the *Edinburgh Review*.

As a statesman Mr. Gladstone strictly belongs to no party. He is as conservative as he is liberal. Without the popularity of John Bright among the British masses, he yet inspires general confidence in all classes of society. In his late acute work upon England Louis Blanc says, that the peculiarity of Gladstone's mind, which gives him often a hesitating tone in speech and a half reluctance in action, is his exquisite sense of justice, which shows him how much is to be said upon both sides of a question.

A FEARFUL CRASH.

IN Hartford, Connecticut, there occurred on the morning of May 2 a singular accident, which we illustrate in the accompanying engraving. The Hartford *Courant* of May 5 thus describes the affair:

> About 2 o'clock Wednesday morning the north wall of the building known as the City Bindery, near the corner of Trumbull and Pearl streets, fell with a loud crash which started many of the inhabitants of that vicinity from their slumbers as though it had been an earthquake. The earth had been removed to such an extent to make room for the new building about to be erected by CASE, LOCKWOOD, & Co., that the heavy rains of Tuesday probably started the foundation—hence the accident. The upper story was occupied by CASE, LOCKWOOD, & Co. for bindery purposes, the stories below by O. D. CASE & Co., and others. Owing to the lateness of the hour we were unable to ascertain the extent of the damage done, but the loss will amount to thousands of dollars. It is fearful to think what might have been, had the accident occurred a few hours later, as there are upward of two hundred males and females employed in the building. It seems a providential escape for them.
>
> We mentioned briefly Wednesday morning the fall of the north wall of the City Bindery building on Trumbull Street. In digging a cellar for a new building to be erected by CASE, LOCKWOOD, & Co., on the site of the old jail, workmen went so close to the bindery and under its wall that the violent rain of Tuesday night washed away the remaining foundation, and the wall tumbled with a tremendous crash. A party wall running east and west through the building saved the south half from destruction.
>
> The south wall of the structure is standing, and it is said that some of the employés of the establishment who came across the Park yesterday morning entered the building before discovering that any thing had happened. The total loss can not, of course, be exactly settled upon; it will amount probably to over fifty thousand dollars.
>
> O. D. CASE & Co, publishers, conducted their business in the third floor. They had 2000 volumes of GREELEY'S "American Conflict," Vol. I., all ready for delivery; 1500 volumes of JUNIUS HENRI BROWN'S "Four Years in Secession;" a quantity of MITCHELL'S Outline Maps. Their loss can not at present be known.
>
> CASE, LOCKWOOD, & Co., in the two upper stories and attic, had 5000 volumes of "Anecdotes of the Rebellion," a part ready for delivery to the Hartford Publishing Company, besides a quanity in various stages of forwardness; selling price $4 a volume.—These will not be a total loss. They also had 15,000 volumes of GREELEY'S "Conflict" in the bindery works for O. D. CASE & Co., selling price $4 to $7 a volume. They were also getting out a quantity of Cottage Bibles, and forty different school-books, on a contract for 20,000, in part already delivered; prices ranging from 75 cents to $3 a volume.



FALL OF THE CITY BINDERY OF O. D. CASE & CO., HARTFORD, CT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRESCOTT, HARTFORD, CT.]

BURNING OF CHURCHES IN PETERSBURG.

IN Petersburg, Virginia, where there is said to be, generally, on the part of the citizens, a good feeling toward the freedmen, there is yet enough left of the old barbarism of slavery to incite to the wanton destruction of churches for no other reason than that they are frequented by colored people.

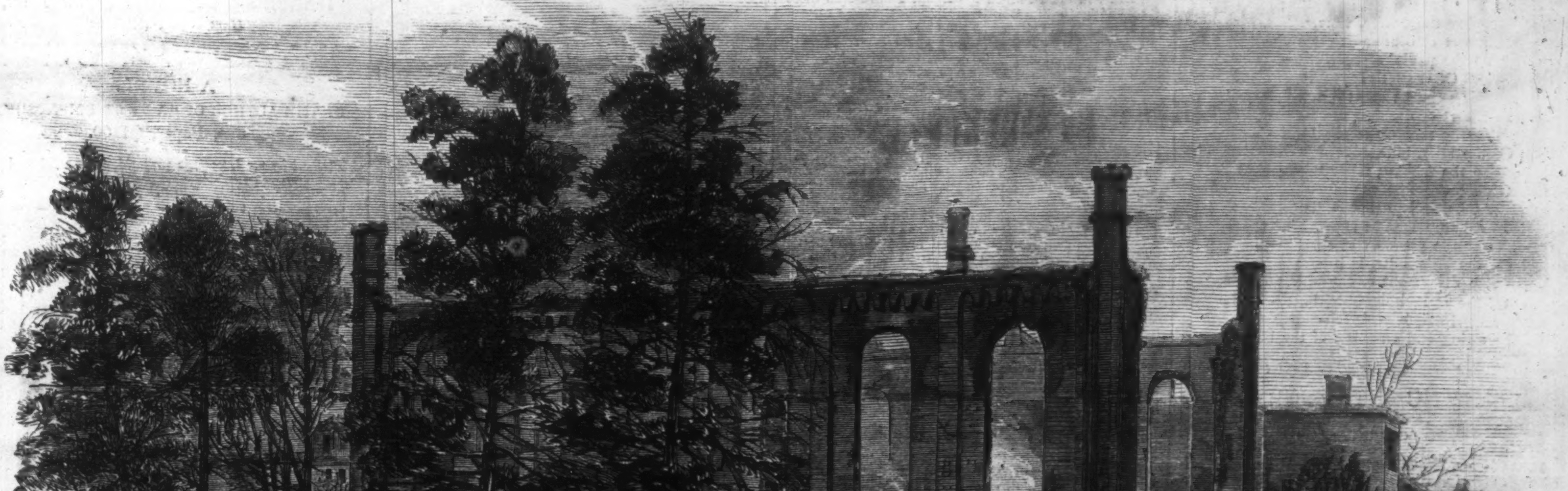
At about 2 A.M. on the morning of May 1 flames were discovered issuing from the Sunday-school of the Union Street (colored) Methodist Church. This room was a separate building, standing a few feet distant from the main body of the Church. Upon the alarm being given the firemen quickly repaired to the spot and succeeded in saving the church, but the school-room was entirely destroyed.

About two hours after this conflagration the alarm was again sounded, and the new African Baptist Church on Harrison Street was found to be on fire, which, notwithstanding the earnest endeavors of the fire department, burned to the ground, the flames having gained a great headway before being discovered.

During the progress of these fires attempts were made to burn two other African churches, the old African on Harrison Street, now used as a school-room, and the Gillfield, quite a handsome edifice on Gill Street. The destruction of these buildings has inflicted a wanton and undeserved injury upon the colored people.

The Petersburg *Daily Index*, commenting on these fires, says:

> If the guilty parties imagined that they would find the faintest shadow of approval of their villainy in the sympathy of this community, they have been woefully deceived. In no part of Virginia, or of the South, does a better feeling exist between the whites and blacks. With exceptions too trifling for mention, the demeanor of the colored people in Petersburg has been all that could be desired, and the commendation of their general conduct has been unstinted. But if they had been as riotous as they have been order-



FIRES AT PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA—RUINS OF THE COLORED BAPTIST CHURCH ON HARRISON STREET.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAZELLE & M'MULLEN, PETERSBURG, VA.]

ly, if they had been as troublesome as they have been well behaved, such a method of retaliation as this, if it were so designed, would meet the unqualified reproach of our people.

If such things are possible where so good a feeling exists toward the colored people, what treatment may the latter expect in quarters where it is known that they are the objects of intense and unrelenting hatred?

"MUSTERED OUT" COLORED VOLUNTEERS.

"STANDING before the office of Colonel PAGE, Quarter-master," says our artist, from whose sketch we have engraved the picture on page 308, "the scene which I have sketched was very interesting, occasioned by the meeting of 'mustered out' colored troops with their wives and friends at Little Rock, Arkansas. Just in from Duvall's Bluff, where they had been stationed, their landing created a furor among the resident colored females, many of whom, I am afraid, were disappointed in not meeting those whom they expected. Others rushed into the arms of their husbands with an outburst of uncontrollable affection. Ceremonious introductions between comrades and wives displayed a degree of politeness quite commendatory to all the parties concerned. Children ran about with bundles of blankets or knapsacks for their papas, or begged the privilege of carrying a gun for some sable warrior, and all were in high good humor, with the exception of those who missed the faces of their husbands or brothers."

THE BILLS.

HEAR the Tradesmen with their bills—
Scrivened bills!
What a world of misery their very look in-stills!
How they bother, bother, bother,
All the day and half the night!
As first one and then another
At our door-bell rings, to smother
Our pecunious delight
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Dun-ic rhyme
To the tick which erst they promised, but which now their pressure kills,
With their bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
With the wrangling and the jangling of their bills.

* * * * *

Read the contents of the bills—
Itemed bills!
What a world of bankrupt thoughts in every entry chills!
On our sleepless couch at night,
How [illegible] with affright
At the melancholy menace [illegible]
For every boy that brings
The abominable things
Is a dun.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that thus conspire to heap ill—
Every one—
And who gaining, gaining, gaining—
A mercenary crew—
[illegible] in so draining
From our pockets every *sou*—
They are Grocers, they are Bakers,
They are Tailors, Mantua-makers,
They are Huns!
And their vile Collector runs;
And he duns, duns, duns,
Duns
For payment of the bills!
And his merry bosom thrills
With the payin' of the bills!
And he boozes and he swills;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of drunken rhyme
To the payin' of the bills—
Of the bills:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of drunken rhyme,
To the robbing of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills—
To the fobbing of the bills;
Giving very little time
As he drills, drills, drills
In a harpy Dun-ic rhyme
For the payment of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills—
No delayment of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills—
Bills, bills, bills—
Of the owing and outgoing of the bills.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 1:

In the House, Mr. Eliot offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Select Committee on Freedmen to inquire into the expediency of making an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for the immediate relief of the destitute white population and freedmen in various portions of the South.—The Freedmen's Bureau Appropriation bill was passed.—The bill to amend the act of July 4, 1864, to encourage immigration, was passed. The purpose of the amendment is to prevent the immigration of convicts, and to avert the progress of disease consequent upon the overcrowding of vessels, inadequate accommodations, etc.

May 2:

In the Senate, Mr. Dixon offered an amendment for the proposition of the Committee of Fifteen. It declares that when any of the lately rebellious States shall present itself, not only in an attitude of loyalty, but represented by men capable of submitting to constitutional tests, it shall be admitted to the right of representation.—The Post-office Appropriation bill next being taken up, Mr. Trumbull's amendment, restricting the payment of salaries to those postmasters whose nominations have been confirmed by the Senate, was adopted: yeas 19, nays 11.

May 3:

In the Senate, Mr. Chandler, from the Conference Committee on the Cuban Telegraph bill, made a report, which was agreed to. The bill now awaits the signature of the President.

In the House, the bill to admit Colorado was passed—80 to 55.

May 4:

In the House, the bill to revive the grade of General in the United States army was taken up, and, after speeches in its favor by Messrs. Deming and Raymond, was passed—116 to 11.

May 7:

In the Senate, the motion to reconsider the vote on Mr. Trumbull's amendment to the Post-office bill was taken up at 1 o'clock, and after some debate was carried—yeas, 21; nays, 18.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill was elaborately discussed by Messrs. Morrill and Raymond.

RECONSTRUCTION.

It is reported on good authority that President Johnson met his Cabinet on the 30th of April, to consult with the members on the report submitted by the Committee of Fifteen. It is said that, with a single exception, all the members declared themselves in decided terms against the report. Attorney-General Speed was not present. The President was earnest in his opposition to the report of the Committee, and declared himself against all conditions precedent to the admission of loyal representatives from the Southern States, in the shape of amendments to the Constitution or by the passage of laws. He insisted that under the Constitution no State could be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate, and that Senators and Representatives ought to be at once admitted into the respective Houses, as prescribed by law and the Constitution. He was for a rigid adherence to the Constitution as it is, and remarked that, having sustained ourselves under it during a terrible rebellion, he thought that the Government could be restored without a resort to amendments. He remarked, in general terms, that if the organic law is to be changed at all, it should be at a time when all the States and all the people can participate in the alteration.

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

It appears from the records in the War Department that, with the exception of the President's Proclamation, none but verbal orders were given for the capture of Jefferson Davis. Major-General Wilson says that Lieutenant-Colonels Harndon and Pritchard are entitled to great credit for the zeal and activity with which they conducted the pursuit, and that it is but simple justice to these worthy officers to remark that they were ignorant of the reward at the time of the capture. Colonel Pritchard says it was so dark that he could not distinguish the uniforms. In the course of his narrative he says: "On the return to the camp I was accosted by Davis from among the prisoners, who asked if I was the officer in command; and upon my answering him that I was, and asking him what I was to call him, he replied that I might call him what or whoever I pleased; when I replied to him that I would call him Davis; and upon a moment's hesitation he said that was his name. Then he suddenly drew himself up with true royal dignity, and exclaimed: 'I suppose you consider it bravery to charge a train of defenseless women and children; but it is theft and Vandalism!'" Nothing is said in the narrative about his being disguised.

OUR FINANCIAL CONDITION.

The 1st of May public debt statement from the Treasury Department shows a reduction in the grand total of $15,956,674 since April 1; the funded gold-bearing stock of 1865 increases $6,000,000; the interest-bearing legal tenders decrease $7,500,000; the deposits in the Treasury, including $9,000,000 of gold, amount to $140,534,000, while the cash on hand to pay them off amounts to $137,937,000, of which $76,676,000 is gold. The amount of this gold belonging absolutely to the Treasury is $67,640,000; the amount belonging to depositors, $9,036,000. The whole reduction since last summer, when the war debt reached its maximum, is now $68,092,000.

GENERAL SHERIDAN BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

We make the following extracts from the testimony submitted by General Sheridan to the Reconstruction Committee concerning his Department:

Q.—What are now the feelings of those who took part in the rebellion, and sympathized with it toward the General Government? *A.*—I believe they accept the situation, and have an earnest desire for the restoration of a perfect Union, but exhibit, at the same time, an unmistakable desire to glorify rebellion.

Q.—What has been the effect of the unstinted exercise of the pardoning power upon such persons; has it made them more friendly or otherwise toward the Federal Government? *A.*—I have noticed no particular change in sentiment on account of the clemency of the Executive.

Q.—What would be the effect, in your opinion, upon the State organization, if the people were left without control to act for themselves? *A.*—I believe they would quarrel among themselves, and that the sensible and substantial people would regret the absence of the military force.

Q.—Are the offices of the State now in the hands of loyal or disloyal men? *A.*—A very large number of the offices of the State are in the hands of returned Confederate soldiers and other active participants in the rebellion; I am unable to say what their actual sentiments are in reference to the General Government, but think their outspoken sentiments depend to some extent on what is their best policy in order to hold the office; I have seen those high in authority in a transition state for the same reason.

Q.—What are regarded as the chief recommendations for office, and what sort of persons would be elected without any outside influence? *A.*—The inclination to glorify rebellion gives those who were active participants in it the preference of election by the people or appointment by those in power.

Q.—What would be the condition of the loyal men if they were left without any protection by the Federal Government? *A.*—My impression is that for the present they would feel unsafe, and many of them leave the country.

Q.—State your opinion as to the necessity for the continuance of a military force in your department, and your reasons for this opinion? *A.*—I consider it necessary to maintain a military force in my division for the following reasons: To give security to Northern capital and Union people, and to give an actual and moral support to the freedman until he has time to work out his social status. I also believe its presence necessary to prevent quarreling among the Southern people themselves.

Q.—What is your opinion as to the necessity and expediency of the Freedmen's Bureau? *A.*—The Freedmen's Bureau gives that security to the freedman which arises from having some one to look after and advocate his interests. A change might be made by appointing an Inspector-General of Freedmen, with the necessary number of Assistant Inspectors, under charge of the Department Commander, which would be much more economical; but it would be imposing duties on the military which I do not recommend, as I think it should have as little as possible to do with civil affairs.

Q.—What would be the condition and fate of the freedmen if left without protection under the exclusive control of the white people there? *A.*—I fear there would be a great deal of trouble. A large number of the people would act in good faith toward them, but there would be many who would not; and a war of races to some extent would probably be the consequence.

Q.—State fully your opinion as to the capacity of the colored people. What do they know, and to what extent can they exercise the rights of freemen? Are they willing or unwilling to work without physical compulsion, with kind treatment and fair wages; and state what in your judgment is the best course for Congress to pursue in reference to these people? *A.*—The colored race, like all other races, have different degrees of intelligence and capacity. In New Orleans, where colored people are better treated than in any other city in the United States, there is an excellent colored society, and a very high degree of refinement exists in it. Starting from this you can go into the State of Louisiana, and find the colored man about as ignorant as it is possible for any human being to be. The freedmen, so far as I am informed, have a great desire to learn; I can not say whether they learn rapidly or not. I believe they are willing to work, because their necessities compel them to do so; in this they are like all other races; I never have known a white or a black man who was performing manual labor for the love of it. I believe that the best thing that Congress or States can do is to legislate as little as possible in reference to the colored man beyond giving him security in his person and property. His social *status* will be worked out by the logic of the necessity for his labor. It is the only labor to be obtained in the South for some time to come.

Q.—Please make such suggestions as occur to your mind as to the most judicious and efficient remedies for the evils that exist in your Department, growing out of the late rebellion? *A.*—The feeling and sentiment of those within the limit of my command is as good, perhaps, as could be expected, still not satisfactory. The people of Louisiana are poor, and to the best of my knowledge, heavy mortgages exist upon, perhaps, the majority of the plantations in the State for debts contracted before the war. In many instances the plantations will fall into the hands of Northern people, who, from present appearances, will, at no very distant period, control Louisiana, even in sentiment. Having this prospect before them, it is not surprising that a spirit of bitterness and dissent should exist. I believe that a majority of the people are not opposed to the General Government, and, in fact, earnestly desire to be restored to a perfect union with the other States. Still, sufficient time has not yet elapsed to efface the recollection of their having been reduced from affluence to limited means—the chagrin of being conquered, and to submerge the idea of justifying rebellion and its representatives. This latter idea and its consequences prevails to so great an extent that I consider the retention of the military in Louisiana for some time as necessary for the security of emigrants, freedmen, and capital. Florida is not poor from old debts and havoc of war like Louisiana; and the tone and sentiment of the people are very fair, and a great desire is manifested to be restored to a perfect union. Texas has increased in wealth by the rebellion. Among the best people there is a very good feeling toward the Government. There is a class of lawless people there, however, which this sentiment does not control, and which can not be controlled but by the military. The sentiment in this State will not change from the influence of Northern emigration and Northern capital, as in the State of Louisiana. It is essential that the military in considerable force be maintained in the Department of Texas.

NEWS ITEMS.

Antoine Probst has made a full confession to his priest of all the murders of the Dearing family, commencing with Cornelius Carey, the hired boy. He had no accomplice in his bloody work. He states that he would have confessed to all the murders before, but he feared that if he did so he would be torn to pieces by the mob.

The demand for petroleum in Europe alone for the year 1866 is estimated at 80,000,000 gallons. The consumption in 1864 was 30,000,000 gallons, against 10,000,000 in 1862. There is also a brisk demand for it in every country in the world that has learned the value of artificial light and of machinery.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has voted $2000 to the widow of Dr. Slayter, who died by cholera while employed in attending on the *England's* passengers.

A serious riot occurred at Memphis, Tennessee, on the 1st inst., between policemen and negro soldiers, growing out of an attempt of the police officers to arrest a white man whom the negroes determined to protect. One policeman was killed and three wounded. Thirty houses occupied by colored people, and all the school-houses of Memphis were pulled down or burned, and about twenty negroes were killed.

Frank Gurley, the murderer of General M'Cook, was released on parole at Huntsville, Alabama, a few days since. Gurley is sheriff of his county, and will soon enter upon the duties of his office.

The authorities of Augusta, Georgia, have forbidden the freedmen from strewing flowers on the graves of the Union soldiers. The colored people assembled recently at one of their school-houses near the cemetery, for the above purpose, and well provided with flowers, wreaths, and banners. Their teachers, white and black, accompanied them, and they marched to deposit their offerings upon the graves of the nation's dead. The procession was met at the gate of the cemetery by the Mayor of the city and a strong force of police, and despite the entreaties of the teachers, and tears of the poor negroes, was sternly refused admission.

The Methodist Episcopal Church (South), now in Convention at New Orleans, has changed its name to Episcopal Methodist. This has been done to make a Union with the Northern Episcopal churches impossible.

The ladies of Columbus, Mississippi, recently decorated the graves of the Confederate dead in the cemetery of that city. They also paid the same mark of respect to the memory of some forty Federal soldiers buried near by. This act elicits the approval of the press of that city, which claims that the war being over no distinction should be made between the departed heroes of opposite sides.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis was permitted to visit her husband at [illegible] last week.

The Texas Constitution, drawn up by the late Convention, will be submitted to the people on the fourth Monday in June. It formally abolishes slavery, and places freedmen on an equality with whites before the law.

The corner-stone of the monument to be erected over the grave of Stephen A. Douglas will be laid some time during the month of May or June; and the Trustees having the matter in charge have invited William H. Seward, Secretary of State, to be the orator of the occasion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Reform Bill has passed the British House of Commons by a majority of five votes.

The German quarrel has not advanced either toward a peaceful or a pronounced hostile issue. If Count Bismarck determines upon war, he will not be strongly supported either at home or by the minor States. A meeting of the electors of the first electoral district of Berlin was held at Berlin April 18, when the following resolution, supported by several of the Prussian deputies, was adopted: "That a war for the annexation of the Duchies was unjustifiable, and that the Federal Diet was as little competent as Count Bismarck to guard the interests of Germany and to ward off danger. Only a Prussian Government possessing the confidence of the people would be strong enough to solve both the question of the Duchies and also that of a reform of the Federal Constitution." Popular meetings have been held at Düren and Trèves, at which the same feeling of opposition to the war was expressed.

Austria holds much the stronger position at present. The Austrian reply to the dispatch of Earl Russell, urging the maintenance of peace, says: "Austria is formally bound to uphold the rights of the inhabitants of the Duchies, which she could not without shame surrender to the domination of Prussia. The Duchies should be united under an independent sovereign, and the will of the population respected. The decision of the majority of the Federal Diet must be recognized as binding. The Austrian and Prussian armies ought to withdraw from the Duchies, and leave the inhabitants under the protection of the Federal Diet. Three months after the withdrawal of the Austrian and Prussian troops the people would choose their own form of government. Austria accepts beforehand any decision which the people may make, even should it be in favor of annexation to Prussia."

In France the election of a deputy to the Corps Législatif for the department of the Bas-Rhin has resulted in the return of M. de Bussières, the Government candidate, by 19,600 votes. M. Laboulaye, the Opposition candidate, obtained 9900 votes.

We have a report of a great victory of the Chinese Imperialists over the rebels in the northeast. Fifty thousand Taepings are said to have been slaughtered or taken prisoners.

The wife of Thomas Carlyle recently died very suddenly while taking a carriage ride in Hyde Park.

M. Renan's book on the Apostles has just been published. Its sale will not probably equal that of his "Jesus." "Il est mieux de s'attaquer au bon Dieu qu'à ses saints."

BURNETT'S COCOAINE kills dandruff, dresses the hair perfectly, and renders it soft and glossy. There are worthless imitations of which the public should beware.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

We clip the following from the Chicago Evening Journal of April 28th:

A WORD ABOUT GIFT CONCERTS.—When hundreds are investing in gift concerts every day, and thousands of others are intending to do so, a word about their respective claims may be of some importance. We advise all our readers to govern themselves by the following facts:

1st. The National Gift Concert is the only one owned and controlled by a party of established business reputation and ability. Martin O'Brien, the proprietor, carries on a large legitimate wholesale and retail business apart from this enterprise and of ten times more value. Indeed, the concert is used by him merely to advertise his regular business, and not as a means of making money. On this account he is able to give in prizes the money that the proprietors of other concerts must retain for their own profits.

2d. Mr. O'Brien is the only party who is vitally interested in making the drawing and distribution of gifts fair and honest. His success in using it for an advertising medium, and indeed his entire future business, depend upon making his concert satisfactory to every ticket-holder. His past experience in these matters is the best guarantee for the future. Of the three gift enterprises already carried through by him we have never heard a word of dissatisfaction. In every instance the prizes were ready for delivery before the drawing, and were all drawn and all delivered as fast as called for. And he is the only one who has never postponed the time of drawing.

3d. Mr. O'Brien is the only proprietor of the gift concerts who gives a full list of his prizes completely numbered, and who gives a full and satisfactory explanation of the manner in which the prizes will be drawn and delivered. This he does *in a neatly-bound book*, which, besides this, contains many valuable statistics, and is *sent free of charge with every ticket.*

4th. Mr. O'Brien's concert offers better inducements than any other concert or gift enterprise in existence.

It gives a larger proportion of its prizes in money than any other.

It is the only one whose small prizes are not made up of cheap jewelry or other worthless articles.

It is the only one that gives its ticket-holders the privilege of exchanging their prizes for other goods.

It is the only one that is extensively patronized by the citizens of Chicago.

5th. If you are not satisfied of these facts, and that O'Brien's is the place to buy tickets, we would suggest that you send your money to some friend, or to any reliable merchant, banker, or editor in Chicago, with instructions to invest in the most reliable one without naming any. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred they will buy at O'Brien's.

6th. There is no danger of losing money in sending by mail. Address plainly, M. O'Brien, 122 Dearborn Street, Chicago, and you will receive tickets and book by return mail.

Read the advertisement on the last page.

Remember the drawing takes place May 31st, and the tickets are nearly all sold already.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. E. WALRAVEN,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Lace Curtains,
WINDOW SHADES,
CURTAIN MATERIALS,
AND
HOUSE-FURNISHING LINENS.
NEW MARBLE BUILDING,
No. 686 Broadway, New York,
AND
719 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

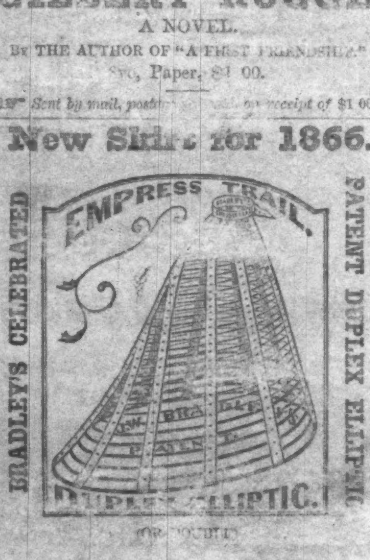
JUST PUBLISHED:
BETSEY JANE WARD,
(BETTER-HALF TO ARTEMUS)
HUR BOOK OF GOAKS.

Every reader of the works of A. Ward (Showman) must surely get this companion volume. It is one of the richest specimens of comic literature extant (far superior, many think, to the writings of A. Ward himself). The orders are pouring in fast. [illegible] first come first served. Capital illustrations. [illegible] Elegantly bound in cloth. Price $1 50. Sold by all booksellers, and will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, by JAMES O'KANE, Publisher, 126 Nassau Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:
GILBERT RUGGE.
A NOVEL.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FIRST FRIENDSHIP."
8vo, Paper, $1 00.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1 00.*

New Skirt for 1866.



(OR DOUBLE)

SPRING SKIRTS.

They will not BEND or BREAK, like the single springs, but will ALWAYS PRESERVE their PERFECT and BEAUTIFUL SHAPE, in all CROWDED ASSEMBLAGES, CHURCHES, THEATRES, RAILROAD-CARS, and for PROMENADE or HOUSE DRESS—each hoop being composed of two finely tempered steel Springs, braided tightly and firmly together, edge to edge, forming one hoop, and making the STRONGEST and MOST FLEXIBLE as well as the MOST DURABLE and STYLISH SKIRT EVER MADE. In fact, they are SUPERIOR to all others, combining comfort, economy, lightness, elegance, and durability. Inquire for BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or double) SPRING SKIRT. For sale every where.

Manufactured exclusively by sole owners of patent,

WESTS, BRADLEY & CARY,
97 CHAMBERS and 79 and 81 READE [illegible]

CONSTITUTION
LIFE SYRUP,

COMPOSED OF

IODIDE POTASSIUM,

WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

PREPARED BY

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,

Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup
HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformers.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.

Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanence, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: In health the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (hereditary) DISEASES transmitted from PARENT TO CHILD.

PARALYSIS.

It is so universally admitted that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the Great Life-giving Power.

DYSPEPSIA.

INDIGESTION, WEIGHT AT STOMACH, FLATULENCE, LIVER COMPLAINT, WANT OF APPETITE, BAD BREATH, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS.

SCROFULA.

STRUMA, KING'S EVIL, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, ERYSIPELAS, ULCERATION, SALT RHEUM.

This taint (HEREDITARY and ACQUIRED), filling life with untold misery, is, by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

RHEUMATISM.

[ARTHRITIS], LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, TIC DOLOUREUX.

If there is any disease in which the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP [illegible] and [illegible] affections. The most intense pains are almost instantly alleviated—enormous swellings are reduced. [illegible] chronic or vicarious, of twenty or thirty years [illegible] been cured by us.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of MERCURY, removing the Bad Breath, and curing the Weak Joints and Rheumatic Pains which the use of Calomel is sure to produce. It hardens Spongy Gums, and secures the Teeth as firmly as ever.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

For all Forms of Ulcerative Diseases,

Either of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Forehead, or Scalp, no remedy has ever proved its equal.

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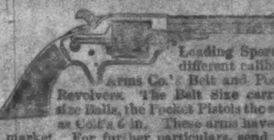

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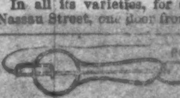

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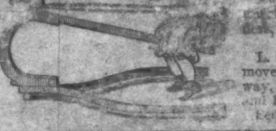

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